

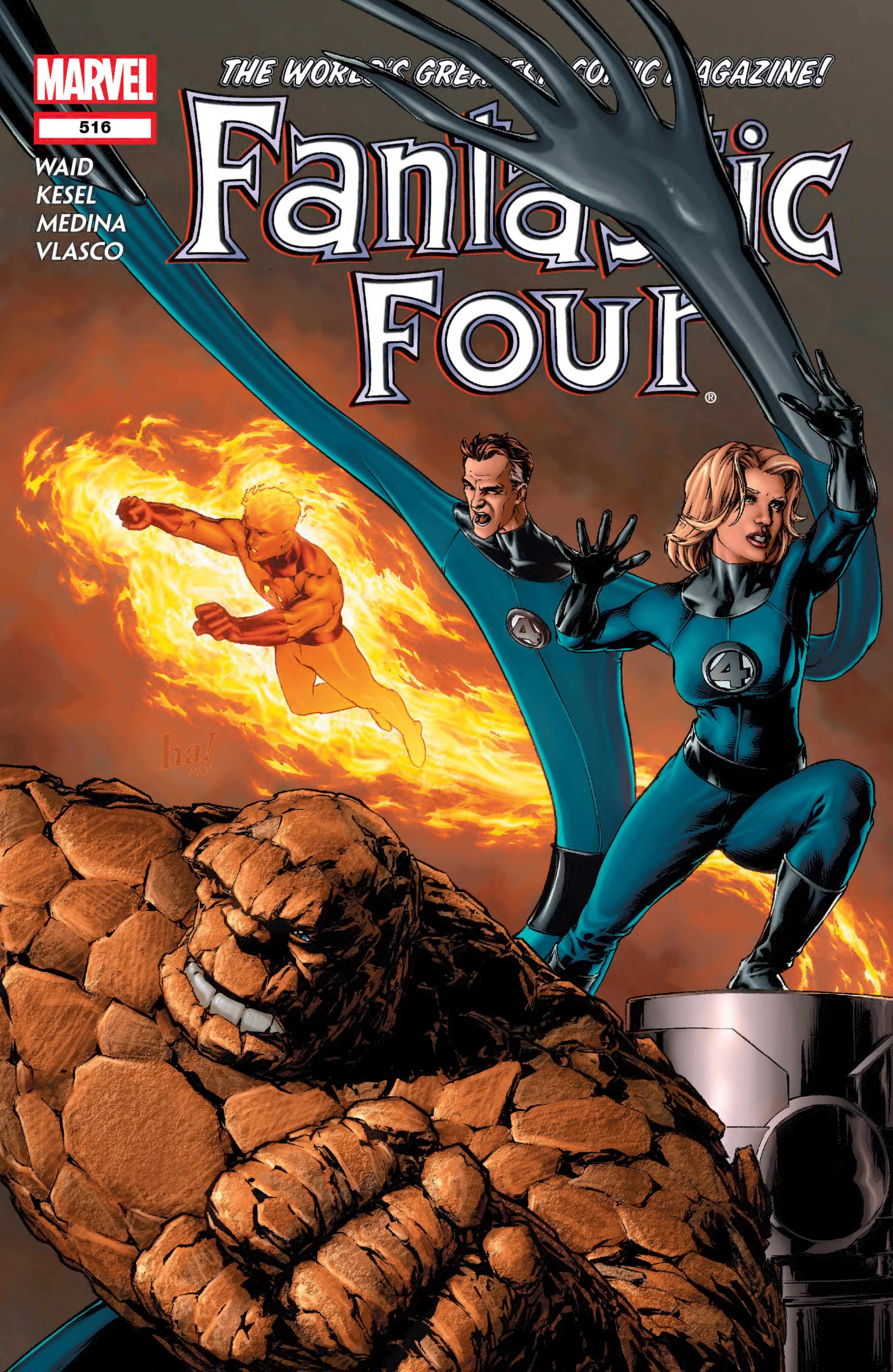
MARVEL

516

WAID
KESEL
MEDINA
VLASCO

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic Four



THE FANTASTIC FOUR

4

A team—and family—of adventurers, explorers and imaginauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary—and extraordinary. As of today:

3

The FF's long-time foe, the Wizard, has formed a new "Frightful Four" made up of himself, Hydro-Man, his ex-wife

Salamandra, and his estranged daughter Cole. With her ability to increase or decrease the effect of gravity on an object, Cole is her father's proudest achievement—his greatest "experiment."

2

Cole, however, wants nothing to do with her horrible power and cozied up to Johnny Storm in order to gain access to the one person she thought could cure her—Reed Richards.

An unexpected kink in her plan was that she found she actually liked Johnny.

1

Reed agreed to help Cole, but in order to do that as quickly and effectively as possible, he needs complete access to her father's data about her. And that data is in the Wizard's computers within his secret headquarters!



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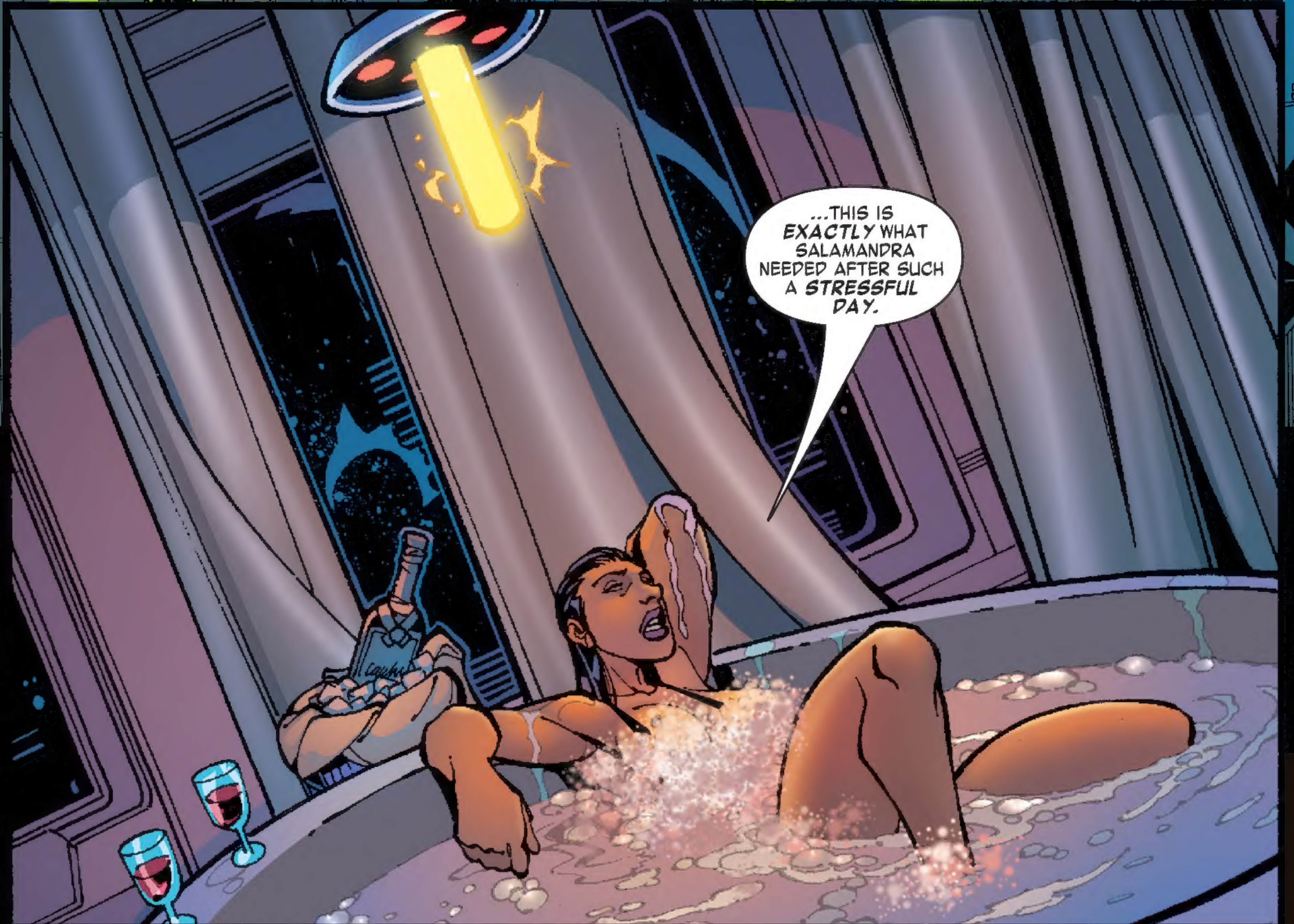
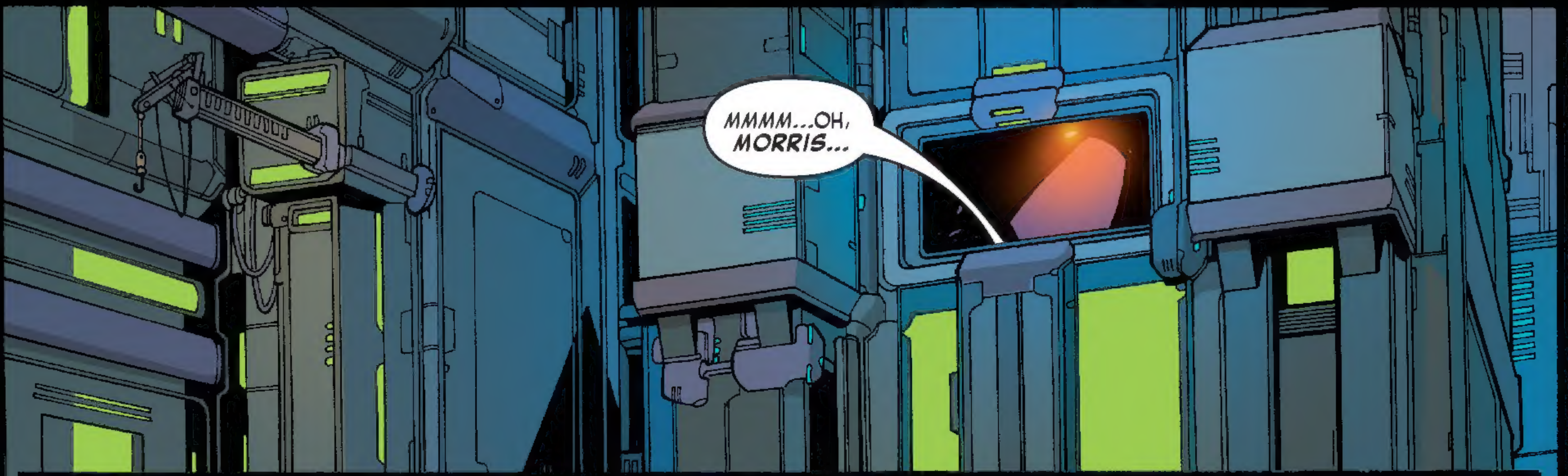
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STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY
distinguished

**Part
3 of 3**



UWOOP UWOOP UWOOP UWOOP





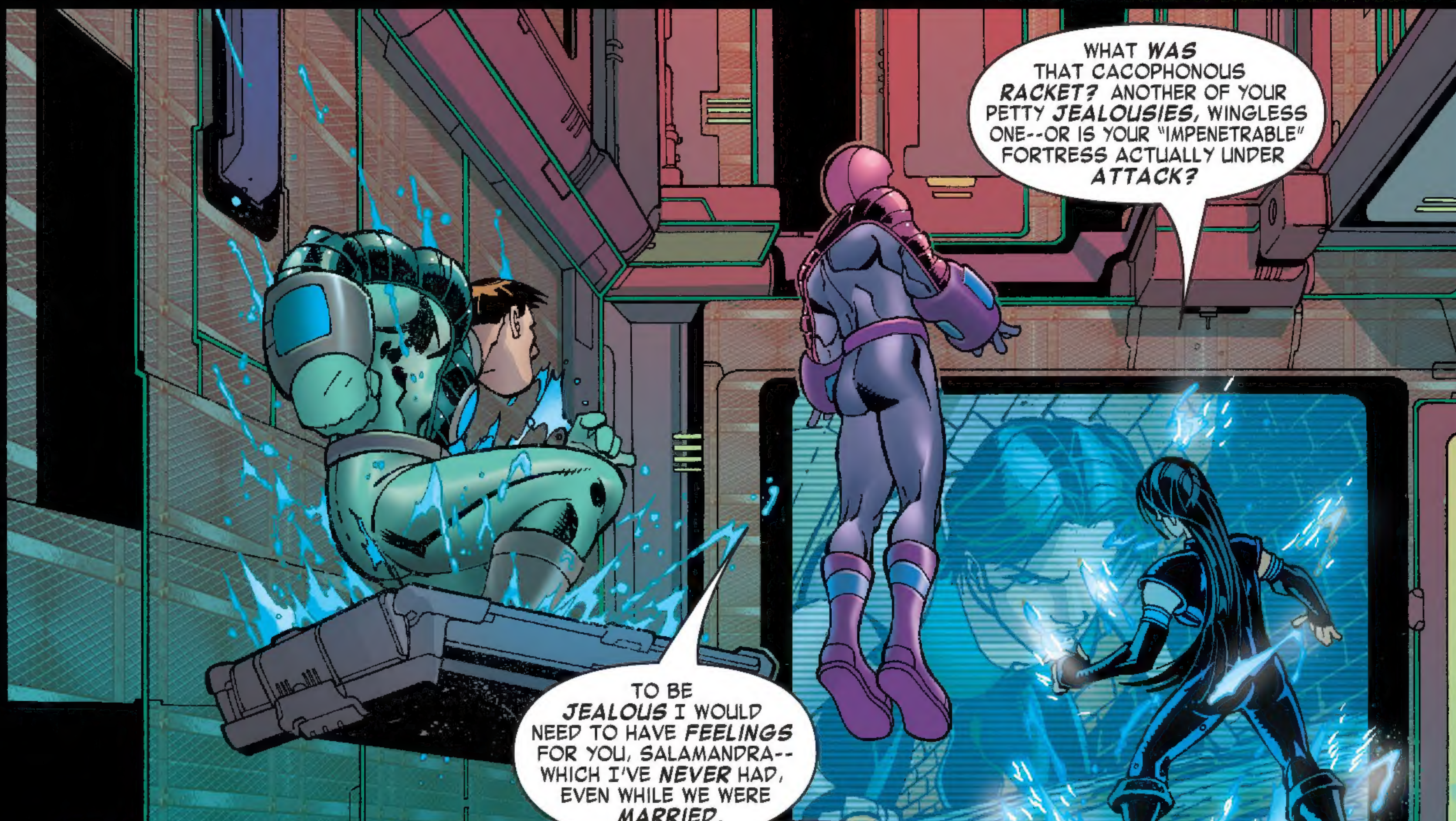
GO ON
AHEAD--DON'T
LET ME HOLD YA UP.
I'LL MEET YA BY TH'
WIZARD'S MONITOR
AREA...



...YER ROYAL
HIGH MAINTENANCE.
"SALAMANDRA THIS,"
"SALAMANDRA THAT"--YOU'D
BE HOT IF Y'D JUST SHUT
UP. "ENTERTAIN HER,
HYDRO-MAN," SEZ
TH' WIZARD.

NO WONDER
HE WEARS THAT
STUPID HELMET.
IT COVERS HIS
EARS!

HAVE MY
WAY, I'D PUT YA
BOTH OUT OF MY
MISERY...



WHAT WAS
THAT CACOPHONOUS
RACKET? ANOTHER OF YOUR
PETTY JEALOUSIES, WINGLESS
ONE--OR IS YOUR "IMPENETRABLE"
FORTRESS ACTUALLY UNDER
ATTACK?

TO BE
JEALOUS I WOULD
NEED TO HAVE FEELINGS
FOR YOU, SALAMANDRA--
WHICH I'VE NEVER HAD,
EVEN WHILE WE WERE
MARRIED.



I SEE
OUR DAUGHTER--
COLE. SHE'S
ALONE.

USE YOUR
STUPEFYINGLY
LIMITED
IMAGINATION,
WOMAN--AND
LISTEN.

AS FOR BEING
UNDER "ATTACK"--IF
YOU MEAN PESTERED BY A
DISTRESSINGLY INFERIOR
INTELLECT... THEN YES,
WE ARE.

OBSERVE.
THEY'RE RIGHT
THERE ON-
SCREEN.

[AP. 101]→

SHHH. IT'S JUST
A FEW HUNDRED
YARDS MORE.
BE READY...





WHO'S SHE TALKIN' T--?

OH. OH, YER KIDDING ME.

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN HAS CLOAKED HER TEAM FROM *SIGHT*. TOGETHER, THEY SLINK IN *BEHIND COLE*. *CLEVER*.

BUT NOT TOO CLEVER. ARROGANCE HAS ALWAYS BEEN YOUR *DOWNFALL*, RICHARDS.

SO THE BATTLE IS ON. AND AS MUCH AS I LOATHE THE NOTION OF ALLOWING THEM TO FORCE OUR HAND, I HAVE TO SAY...



...IT'S CLOBBERING TIME.



HELLO? MOTHER?

ANYONE?

WE...

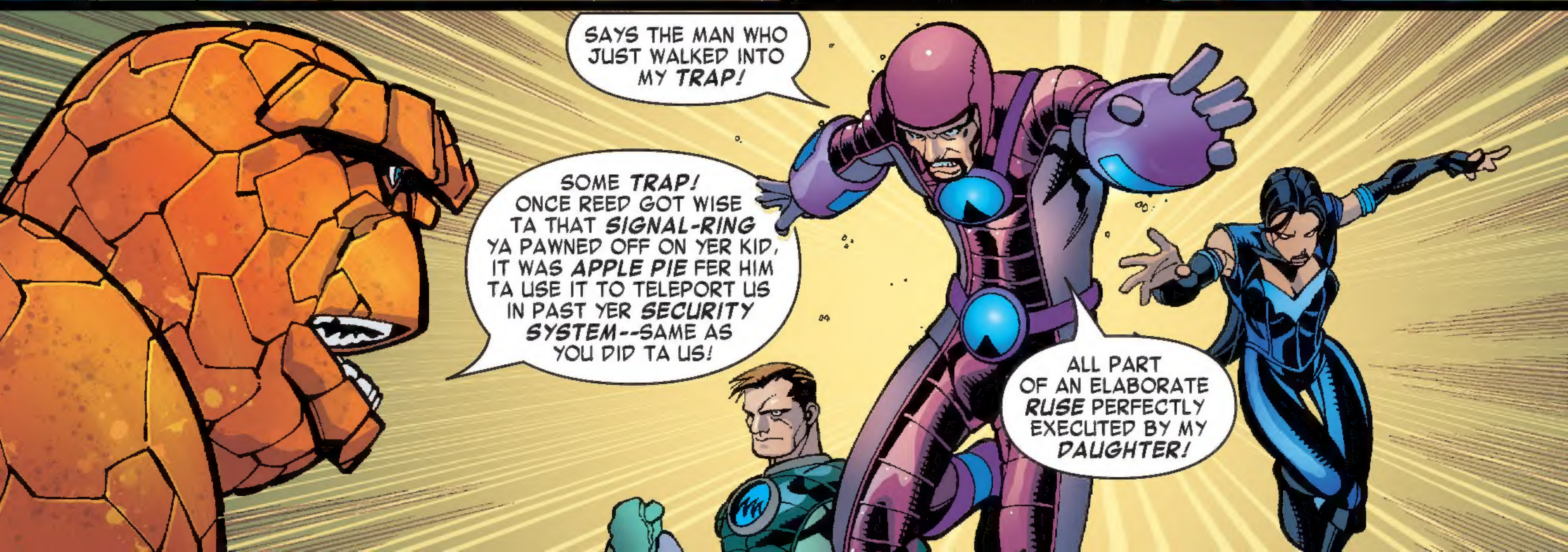


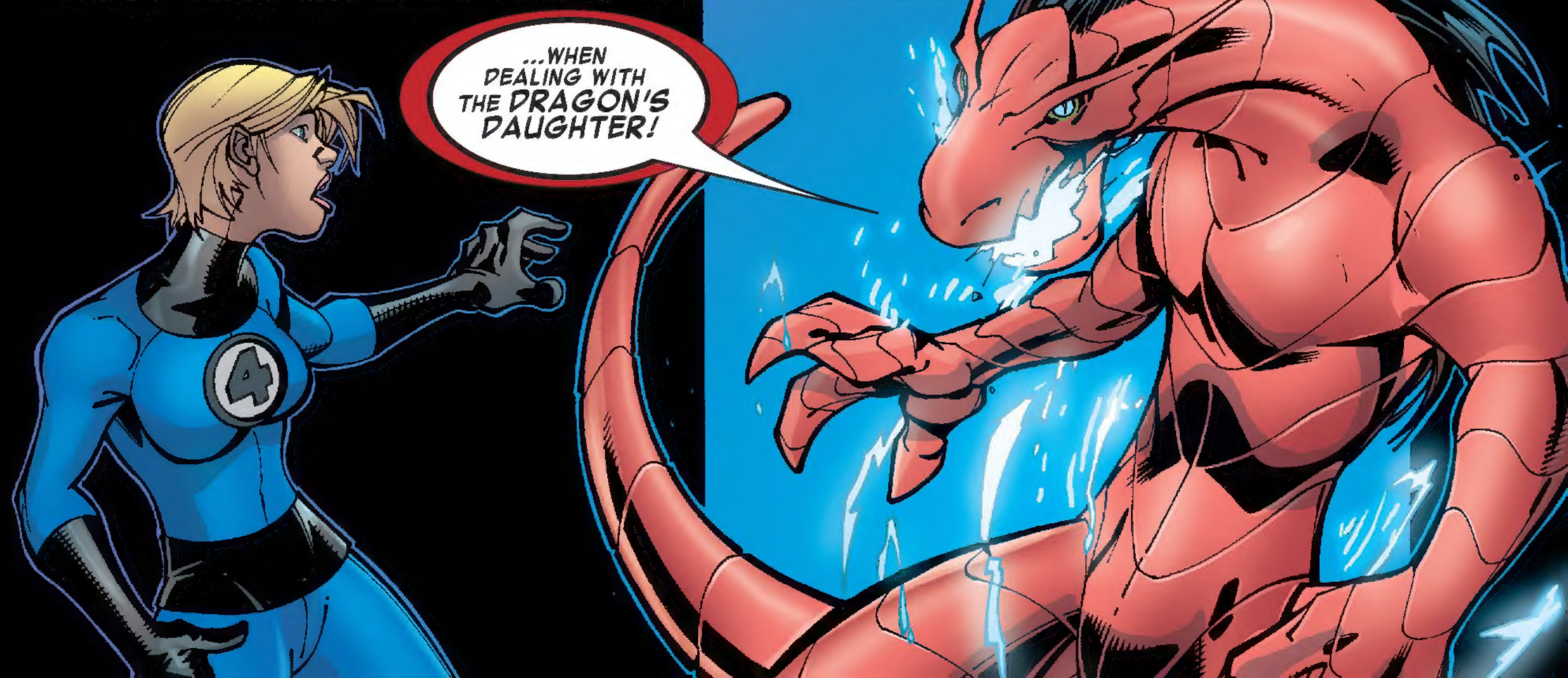
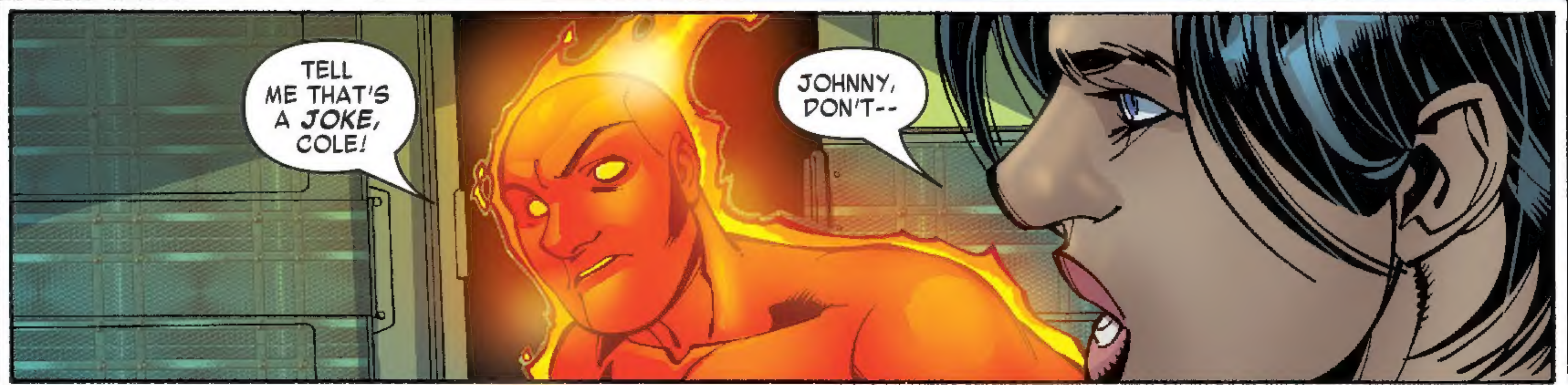
...SHALL TALK LATER, YOUNG LADY!

WHOOOOOAH!

AND...





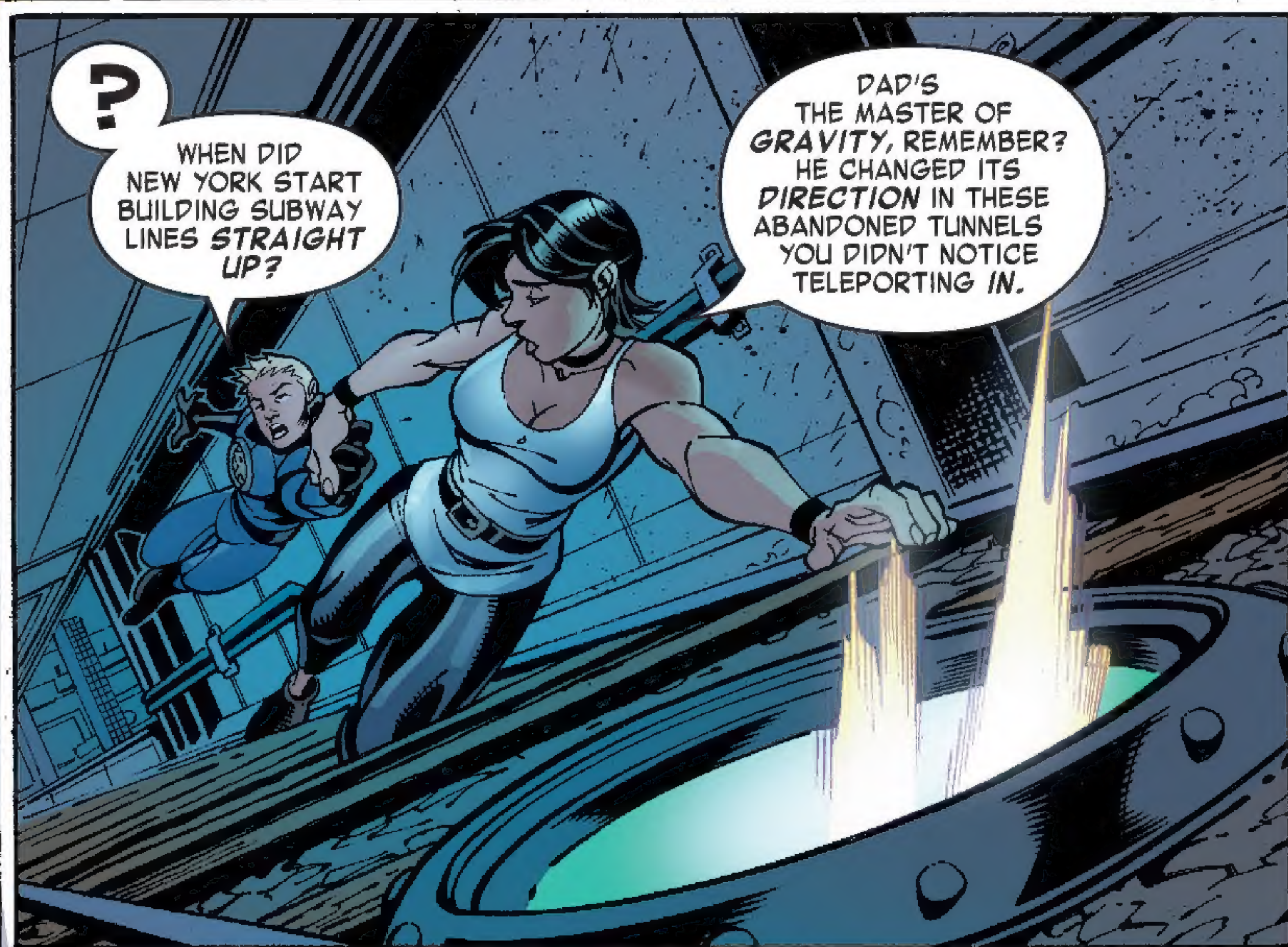




OH...
MAN. THAT...
HURT.

WHICH...
WAY IS...
UP?

DON'T
TRY TO
GUESS.



?

WHEN DID
NEW YORK START
BUILDING SUBWAY
LINES **STRAIGHT
UP?**

DAD'S
THE MASTER OF
GRAVITY, REMEMBER?
HE CHANGED ITS
DIRECTION IN THESE
ABANDONED TUNNELS
YOU DIDN'T NOTICE
TELEPORTING IN.



YOU **INCONVENIENCED** MY
MOTHER, JOHNNY. SHE **DOESN'T**
LIKE TO BE INCONVENIENCED. YOU
WERE **LUCKY**--THAT MIFFED,
SHE USUALLY BREAKS
BONES.

MAYBE
THIS ISN'T WORTH
IT. MAYBE I'M NOT
WORTH IT...



LOOK, YOU WANT REED TO TRY
TO **CURE** YOU, COLE, HE NEEDS
YOUR DAD'S **DATA**--FIND OUT
EXACTLY WHAT THAT MAD
SCIENTIST **DID** TO
YOU.

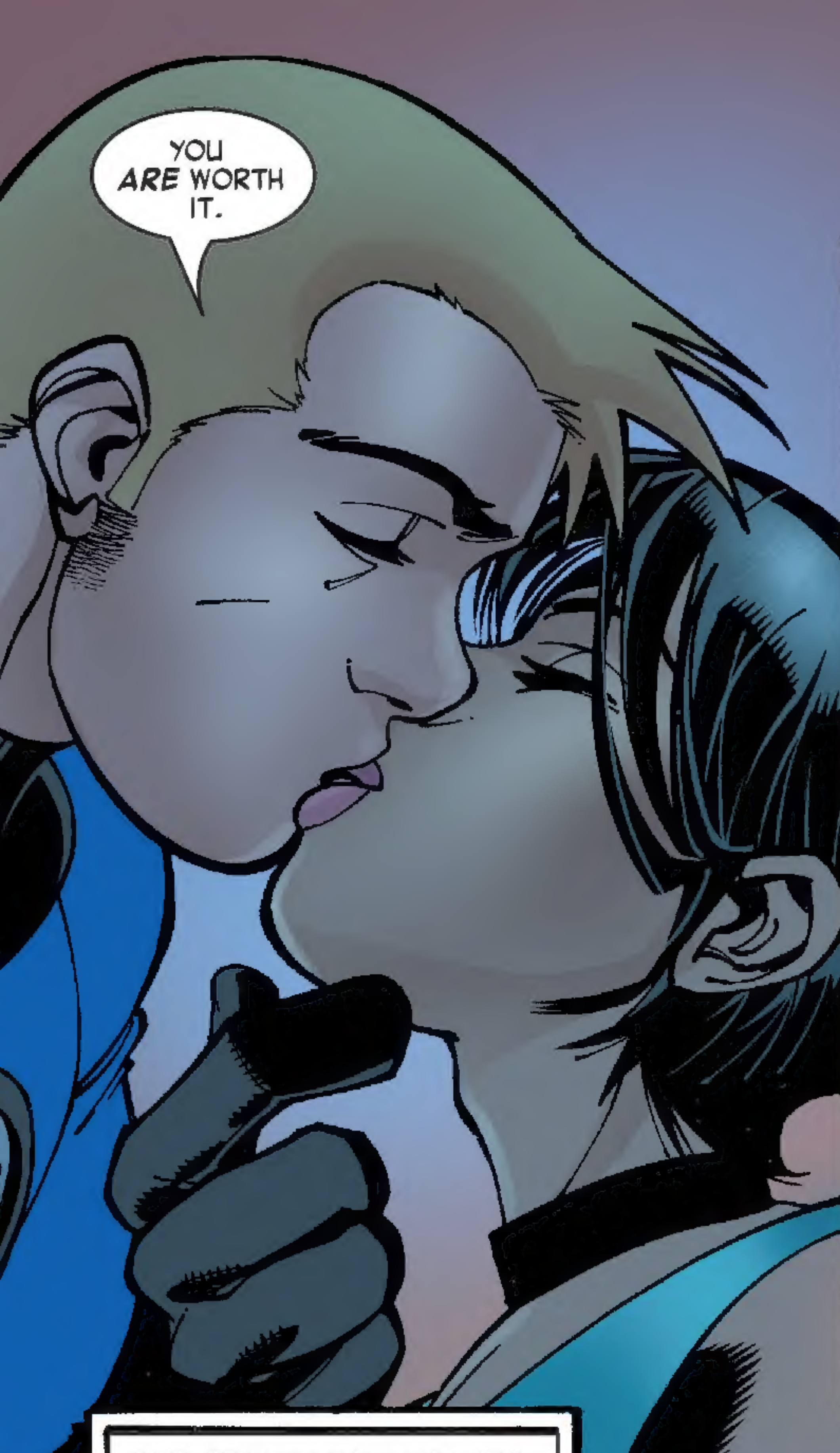
NOT THAT
THERE'S ANYTHING
WRONG WITH
HAVING SUPER-
POWERS...



FOR YOU MAYBE, JOHNNY--BUT
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT **DOES**
TO ME. HOW IT MAKES ME
FEEL.

SO
WHAT IF I CAN
MAKE STUFF HEAVIER
OR LIGHTER BY CHANGING
ITS MASS OR GRAVITY OR
WHATEVER--IT'S LIKE A
STONE WEIGHT AROUND
MY NECK.

OKAY.
SO WE STICK WITH
PLAN "A." BECAUSE
YOU KNOW **WHAT**, COLE?



YOU ARE WORTH IT.



SHOULD'A THOUGHT'A THIS BEFORE--SIT IT OUT AND LET RICHARDS AND WINGLESS SETTLE SCORES.

WHOEVER COMES OUT ON TOP, I'M A WINNER!



NOT REALLY, PAL! SEE, IT'S LIKE THE LOTTO--YA GOTTA BE IN IT TA WIN IT! SO NO WALLFLOWERS AT THIS SHINDIG!

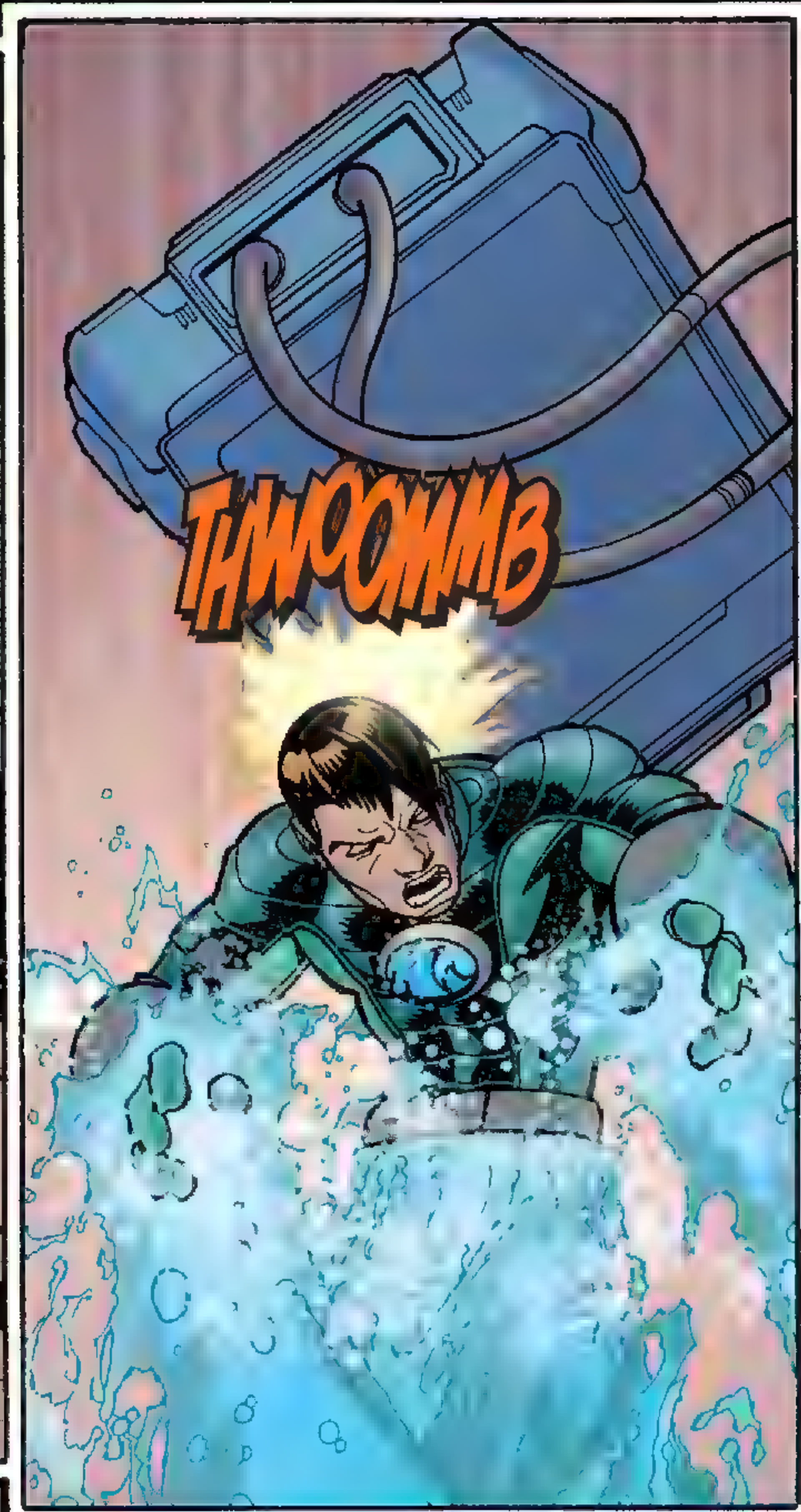
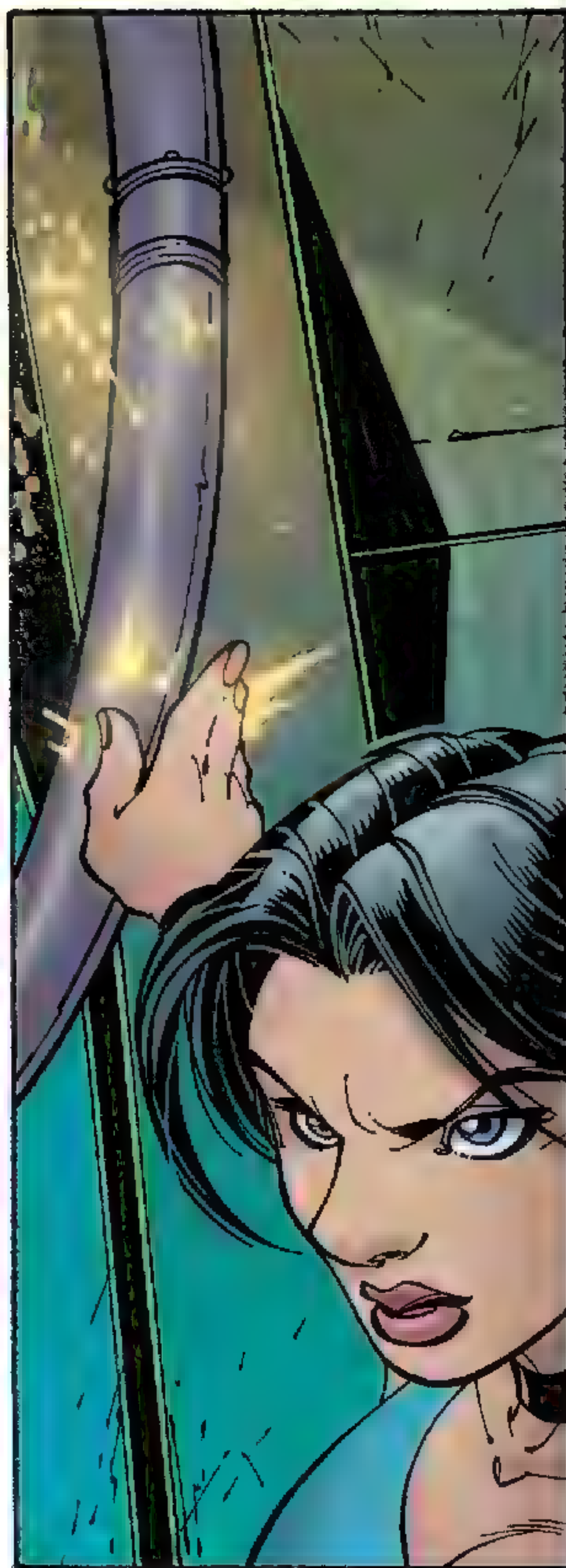


EVERYBODY INTA TH' POOL!

EH--?



SBWOOSH





YOU
GOT A REAL
SCREWED-UP
IDEA OF
FUN.



HAR
HAR HAR! AND
ME WITHOUT THE
DIGITAL!

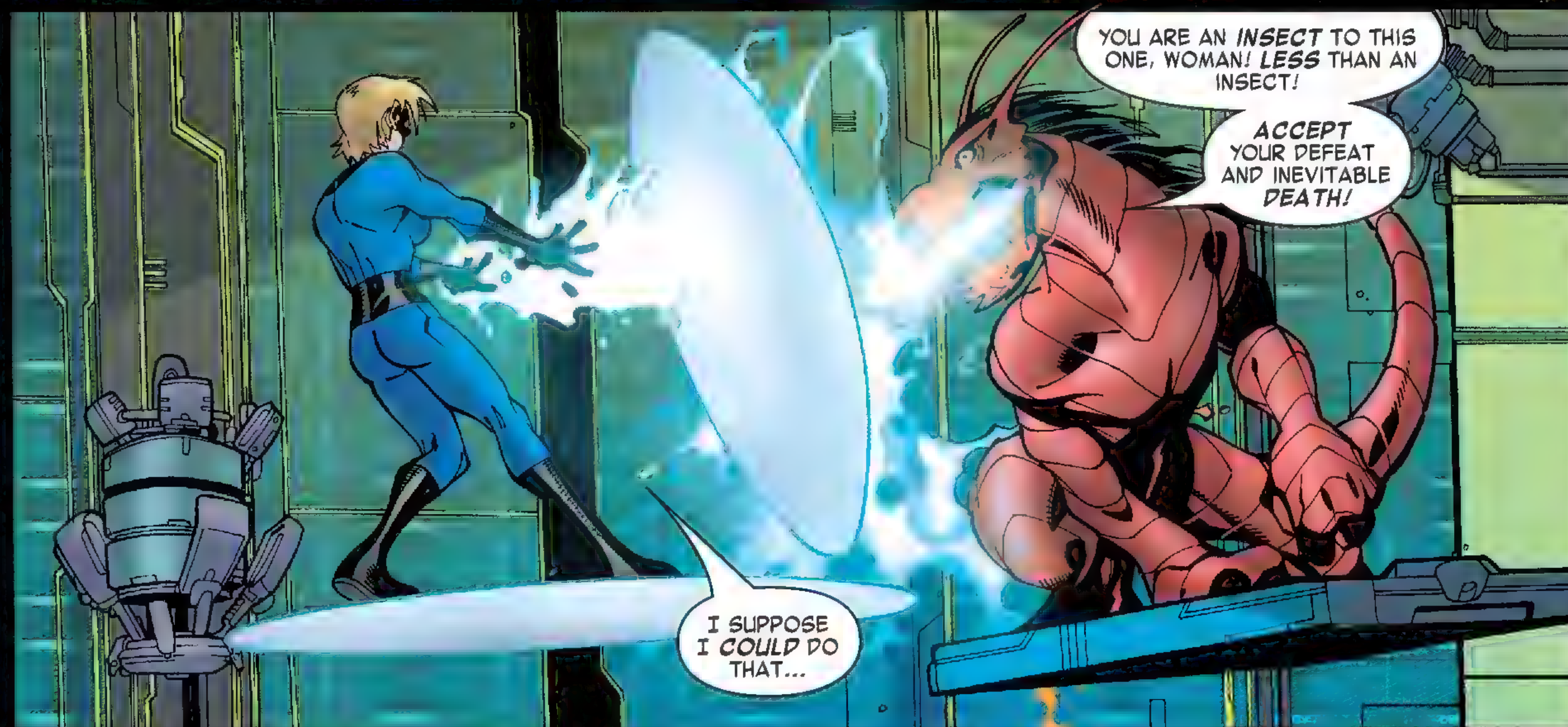
STOP
LAUGHING!



SPAK

EXCUSE ME,
BEN. I BELIEVE I
HAVE A **BETTER** USE
FOR THIS.

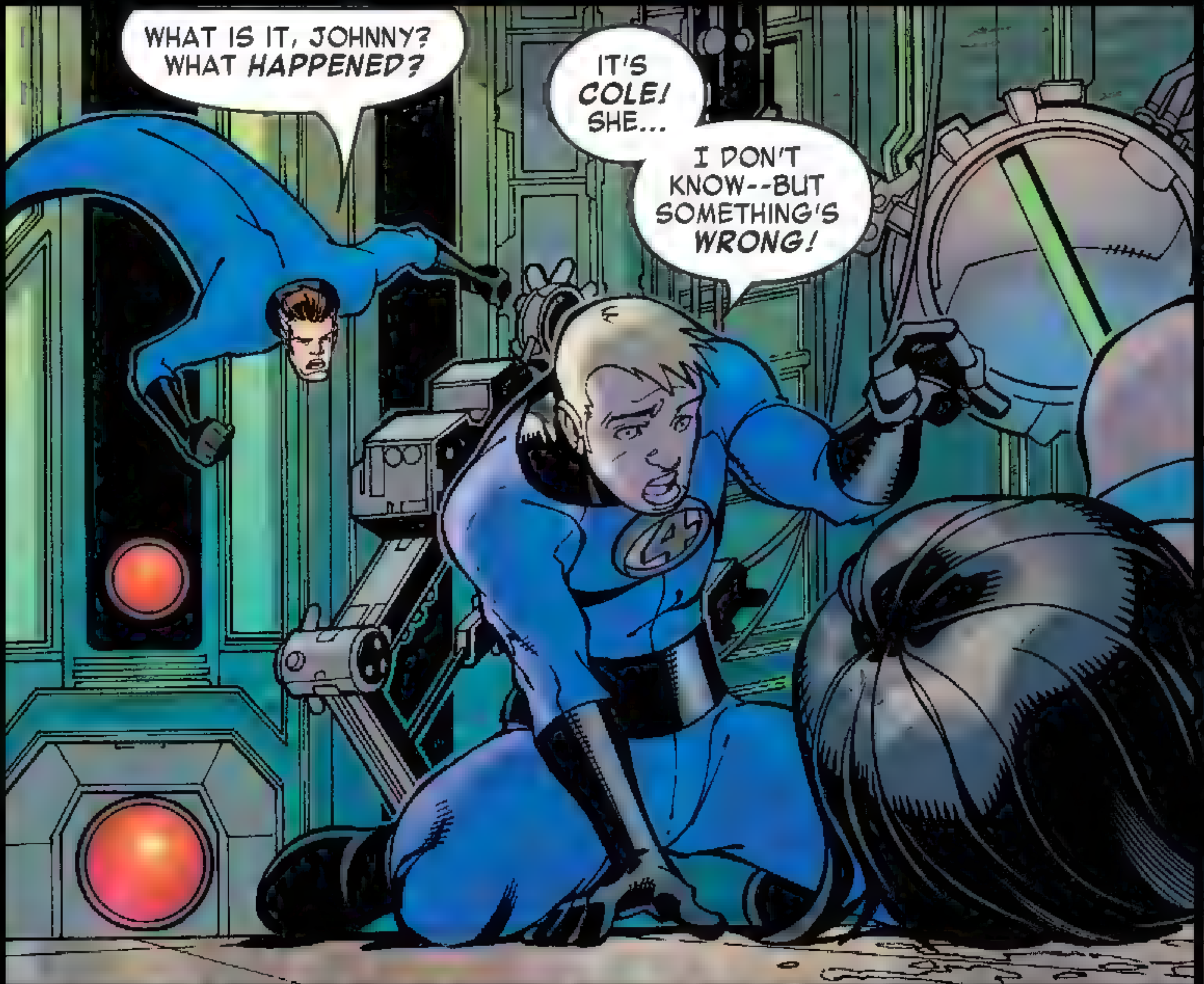
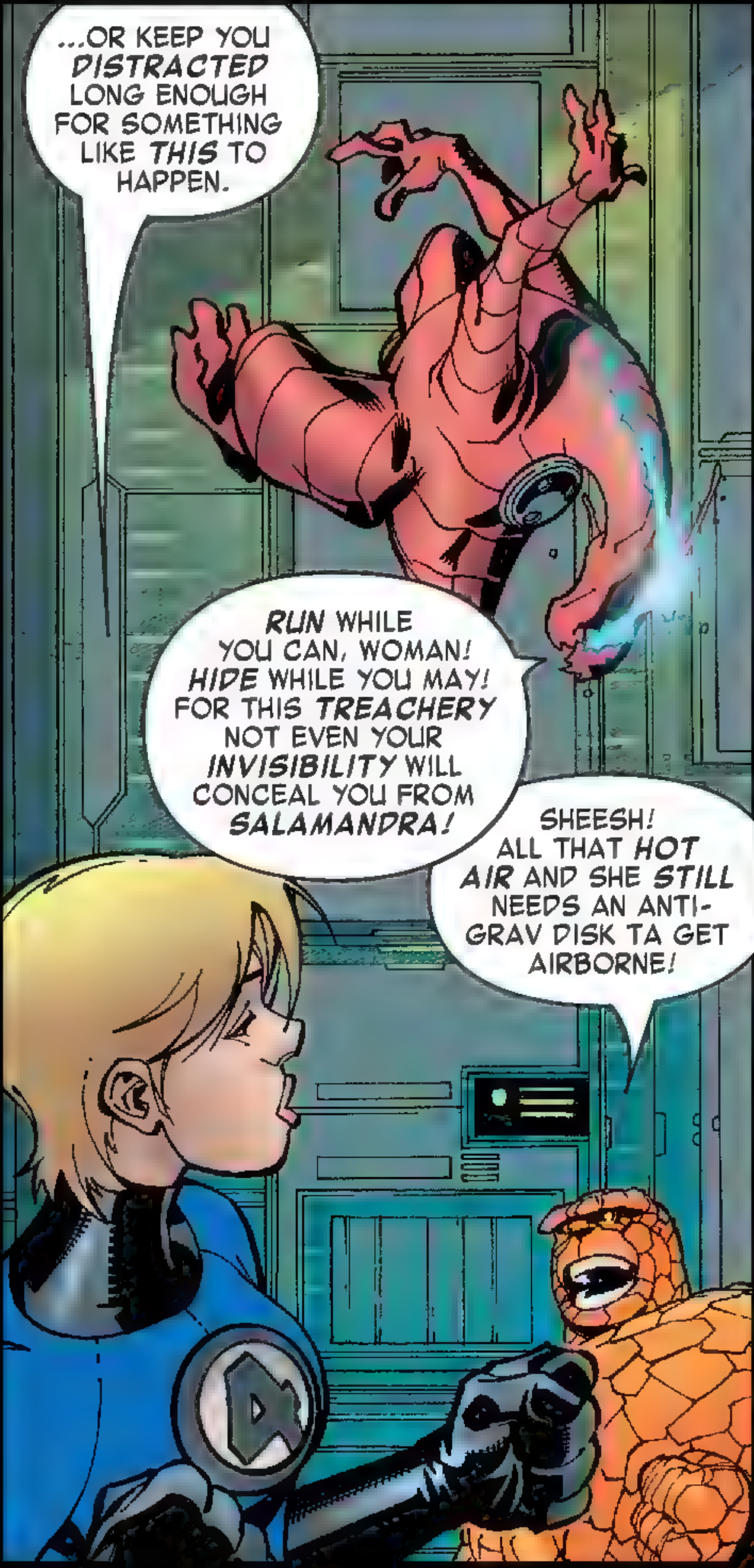
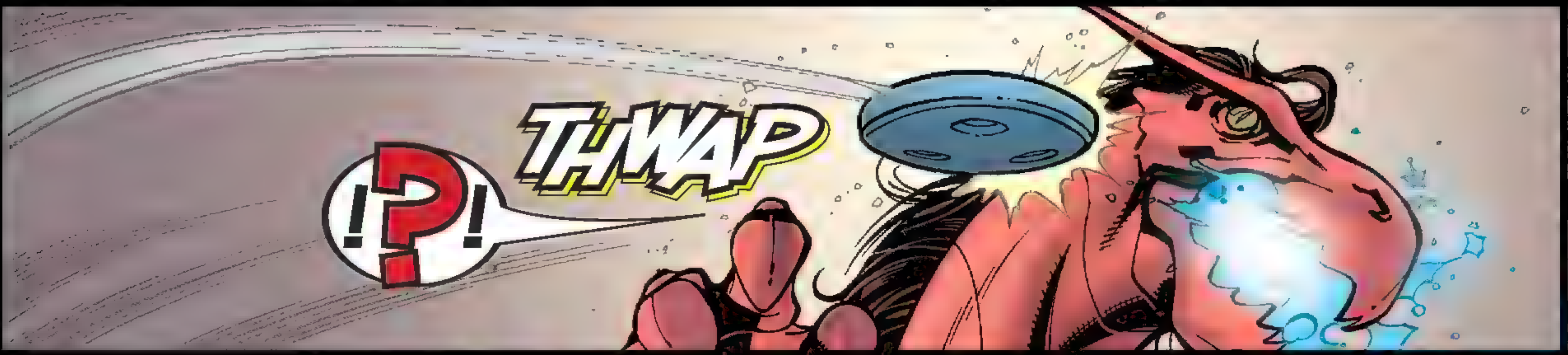
THANKS,
STRETCHO! WOULD'A
GOT IT MYSELF IF
TH' WIZ DIDN'T LOOK
LIKE A **SOAKED**
SOCK-MONKEY!
BWA HAW HAW!



YOU ARE AN **INSECT** TO THIS
ONE, WOMAN! **LESS** THAN AN
INSECT!

ACCEPT
YOUR DEFEAT
AND INEVITABLE
DEATH!

I SUPPOSE
I **COULD** DO
THAT...





MY
GOD.

SHE'S ALIVE--
BARELY.

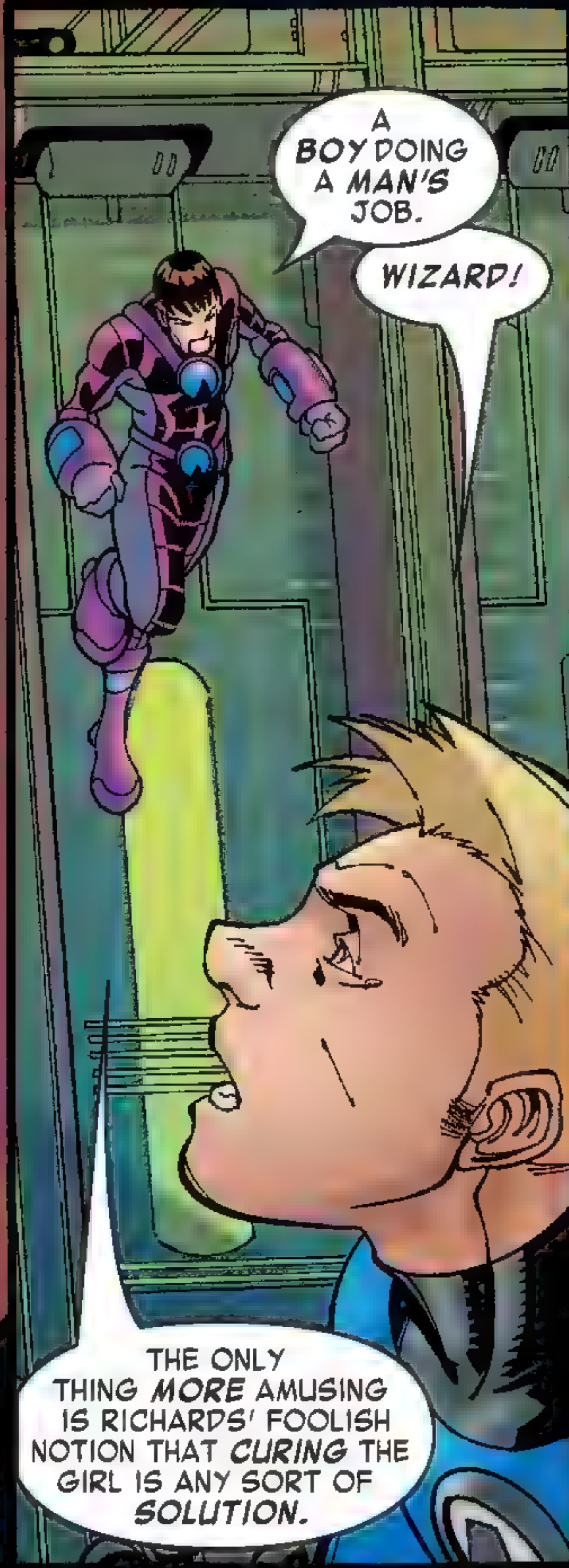
HER POWER
MUST HAVE SOME SORT OF
TRANSFERENCE COMPONENT--
AS SHE INCREASES
SOMETHING ELSE'S MASS, SHE
DECREASES HER OWN. NO
WONDER SHE WANTS
TO BE CURED.

I DON'T
KNOW HOW LONG
SHE CAN *SURVIVE*
LIKE THIS. I NEED THE
WIZARD'S DATA ON
HER--NOW!



THEN GO!
GO!

I'LL
KEEP HER
SAFE!



A
BOY DOING
A MAN'S
JOB.

WIZARD!

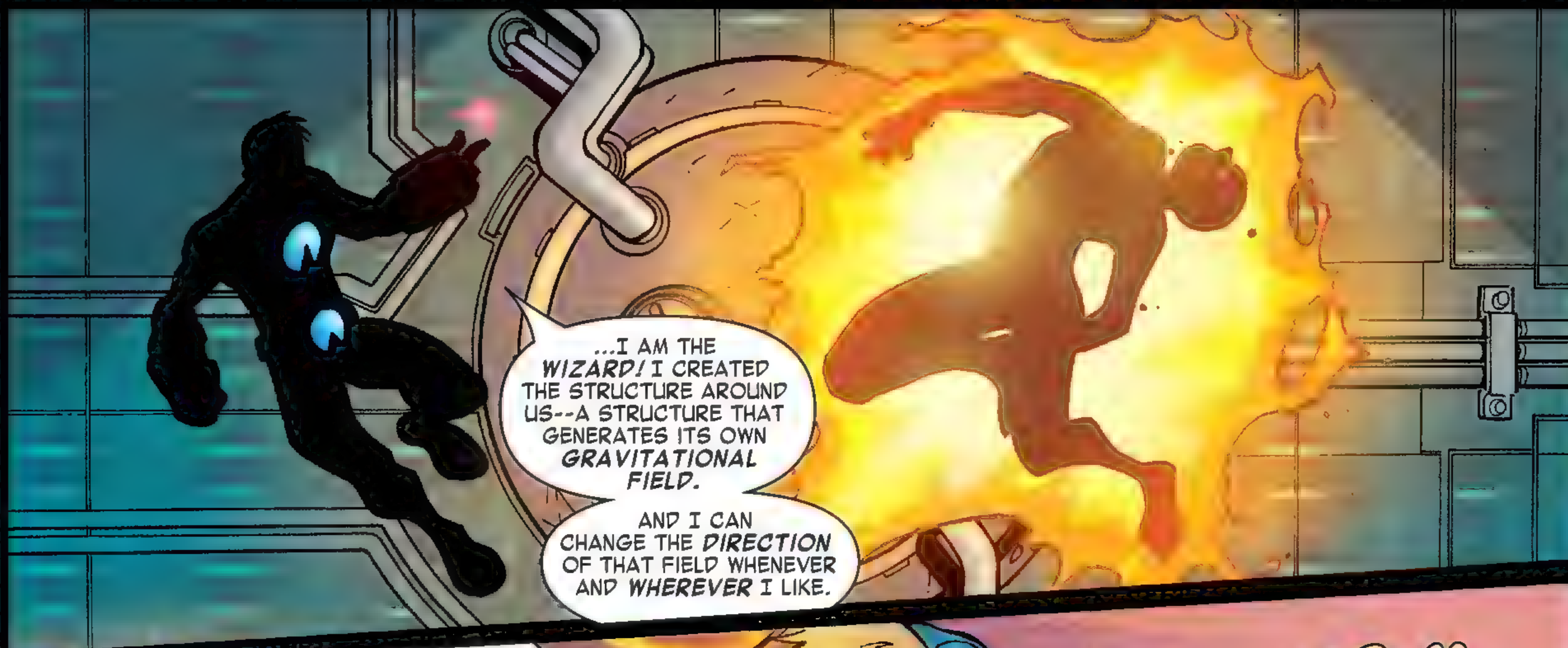
THE ONLY
THING MORE AMUSING
IS RICHARDS' FOOLISH
NOTION THAT *CURING* THE
GIRL IS ANY SORT OF
SOLUTION.



YOU WANT *HER*,
CREEPAZOID, YOU'LL
HAVE TO--

GO
THROUGH *YOU*?
PLEASE. AS IF
YOU *COULD*
STOP ME.

AFTER ALL,
I'M THE GIRL'S
FATHER. MORE
IMPORTANTLY, AND
AS YOU POINTED
OUT...



...I AM THE
WIZARD! I CREATED
THE STRUCTURE AROUND
US--A STRUCTURE THAT
GENERATES ITS OWN
GRAVITATIONAL
FIELD.

AND I CAN
CHANGE THE *DIRECTION*
OF THAT FIELD WHENEVER
AND *WHEREVER* I LIKE.



SUE! COMIN'
THROU--

NGH!



HEY, TORCH--
YOU GOT ME
PRETTY *STEAMED*,
KEEPIN' ME AWAY
FROM COLE LIKE
YOU DID.

LET'S SEE
YOU KEEP ME
AWAY FROM YOUR
SISTER!

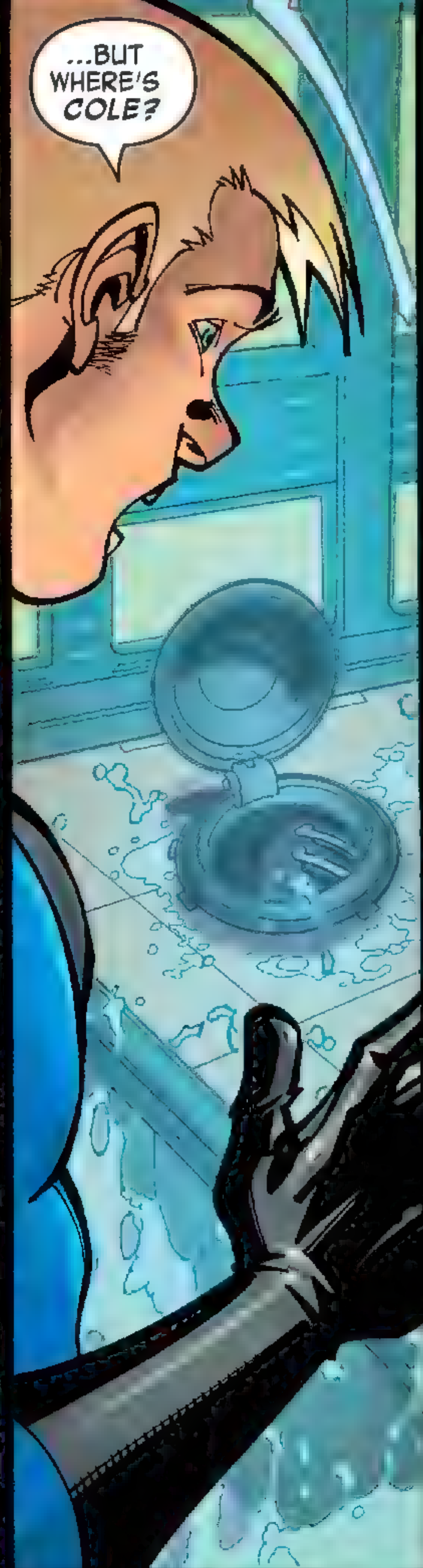


HE DOESN'T HAVE TO--
I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE
DRIPS.

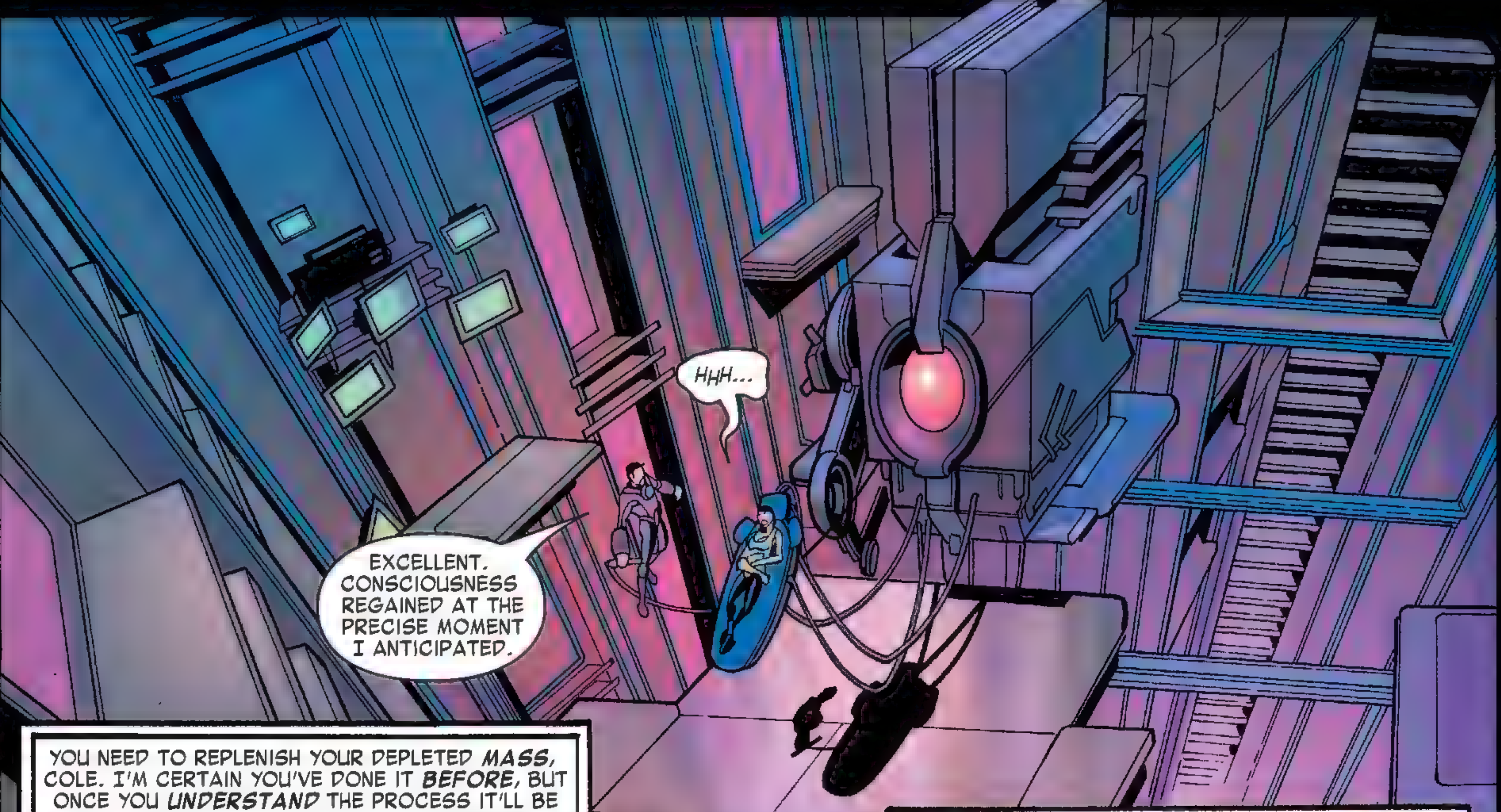
LORD. I
HAVE NEVER FELT
SO *DIRTY* GETTING
WET...

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
JOHNNY?

YEAH.
FINE...



...BUT
WHERE'S
COLE?



HHH...

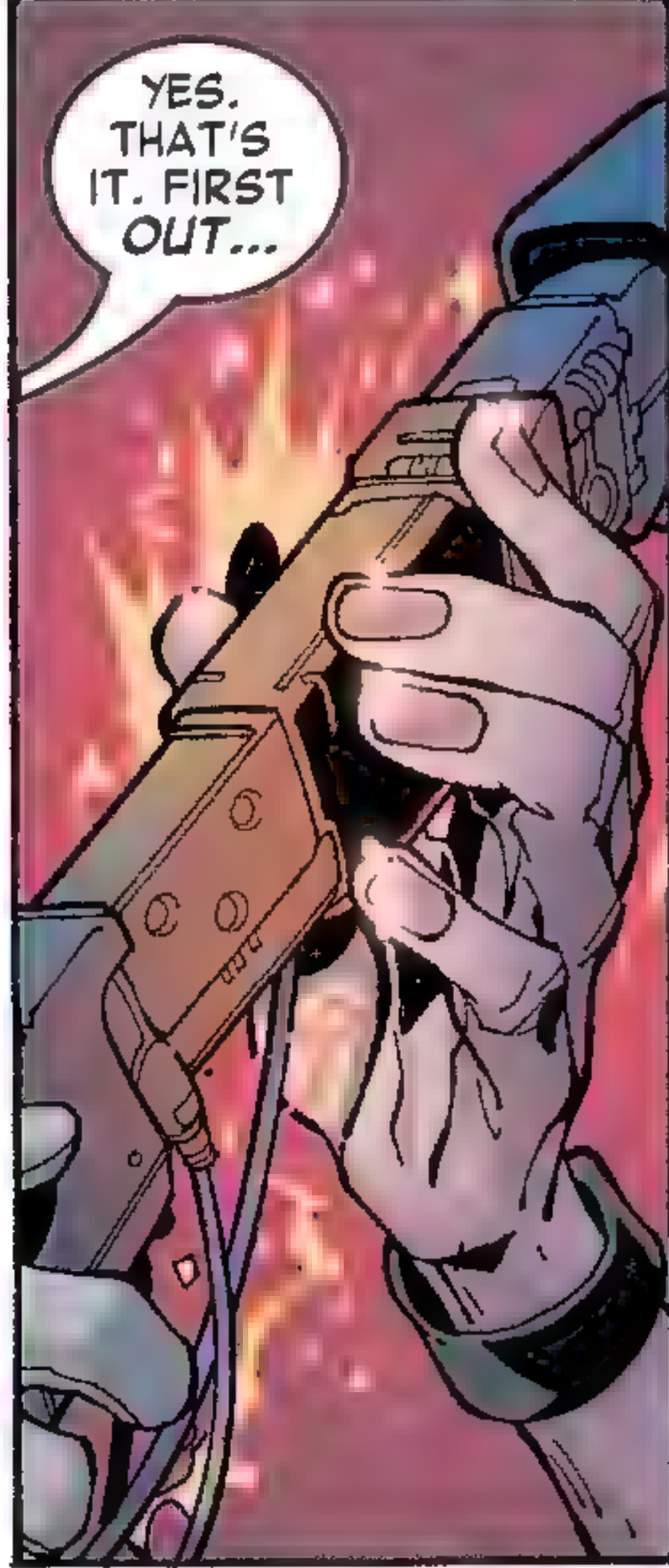
EXCELLENT. CONSCIOUSNESS REGAINED AT THE PRECISE MOMENT I ANTICIPATED.

YOU NEED TO REPLENISH YOUR DEPLETED *MASS*, COLE. I'M CERTAIN YOU'VE DONE IT *BEFORE*, BUT ONCE YOU *UNDERSTAND* THE PROCESS IT'LL BE MUCH EASIER AND QUICKER TO *ACCOMPLISH*.

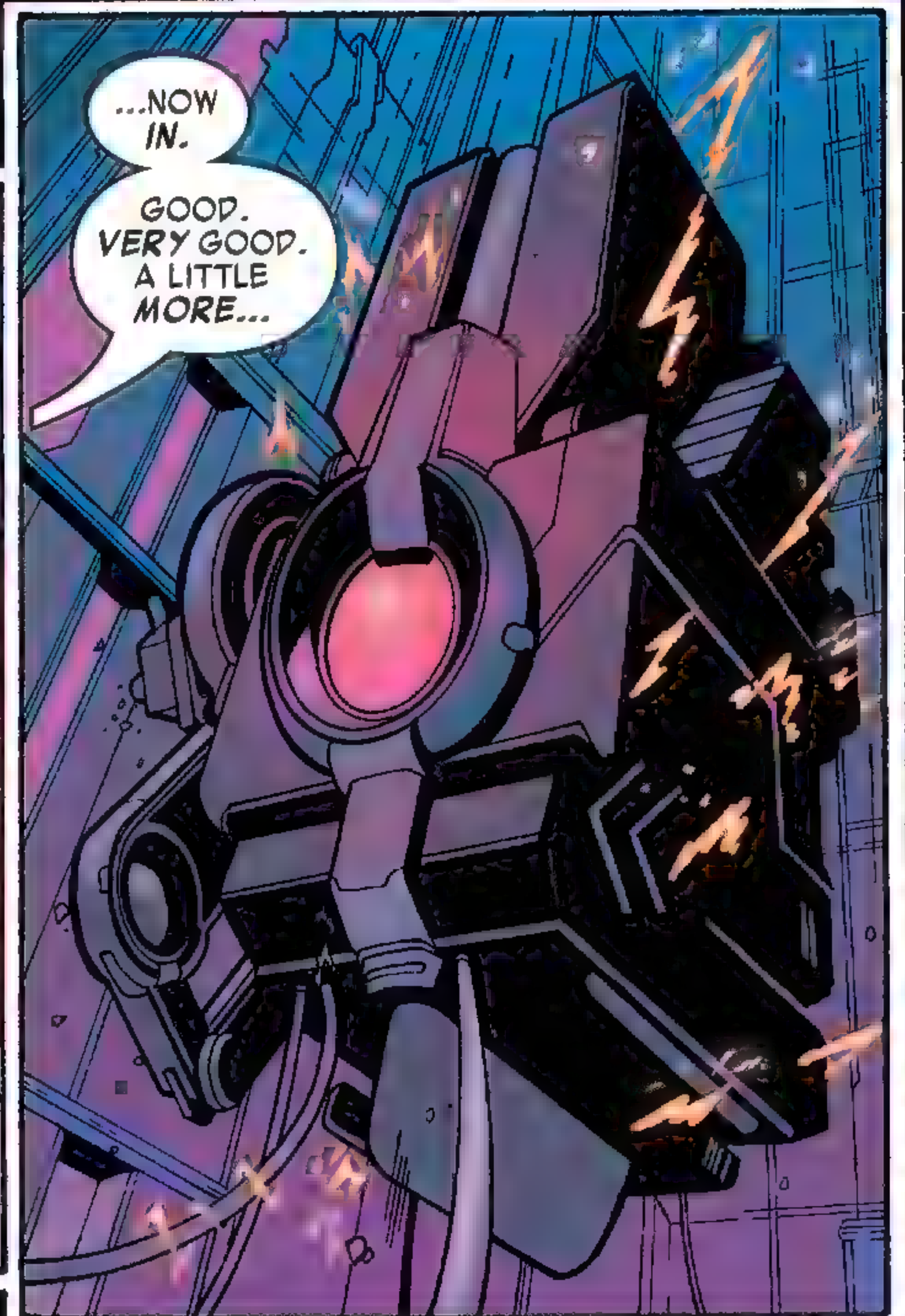
YOU NEED TO SEND THE *GRAVITRONS* YOUR BODY PRODUCES ALONG THIS CABLE AND INTO THE MACHINE IT'S ATTACHED TO--LIKE SLIPPING A DRINKING STRAW INTO A GLASS.



ONCE YOU ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH SUFFICIENT *SOURCE MATERIAL* YOU CAN *DRAW IN* WHAT YOU NEED.



YES. THAT'S IT. FIRST OUT...



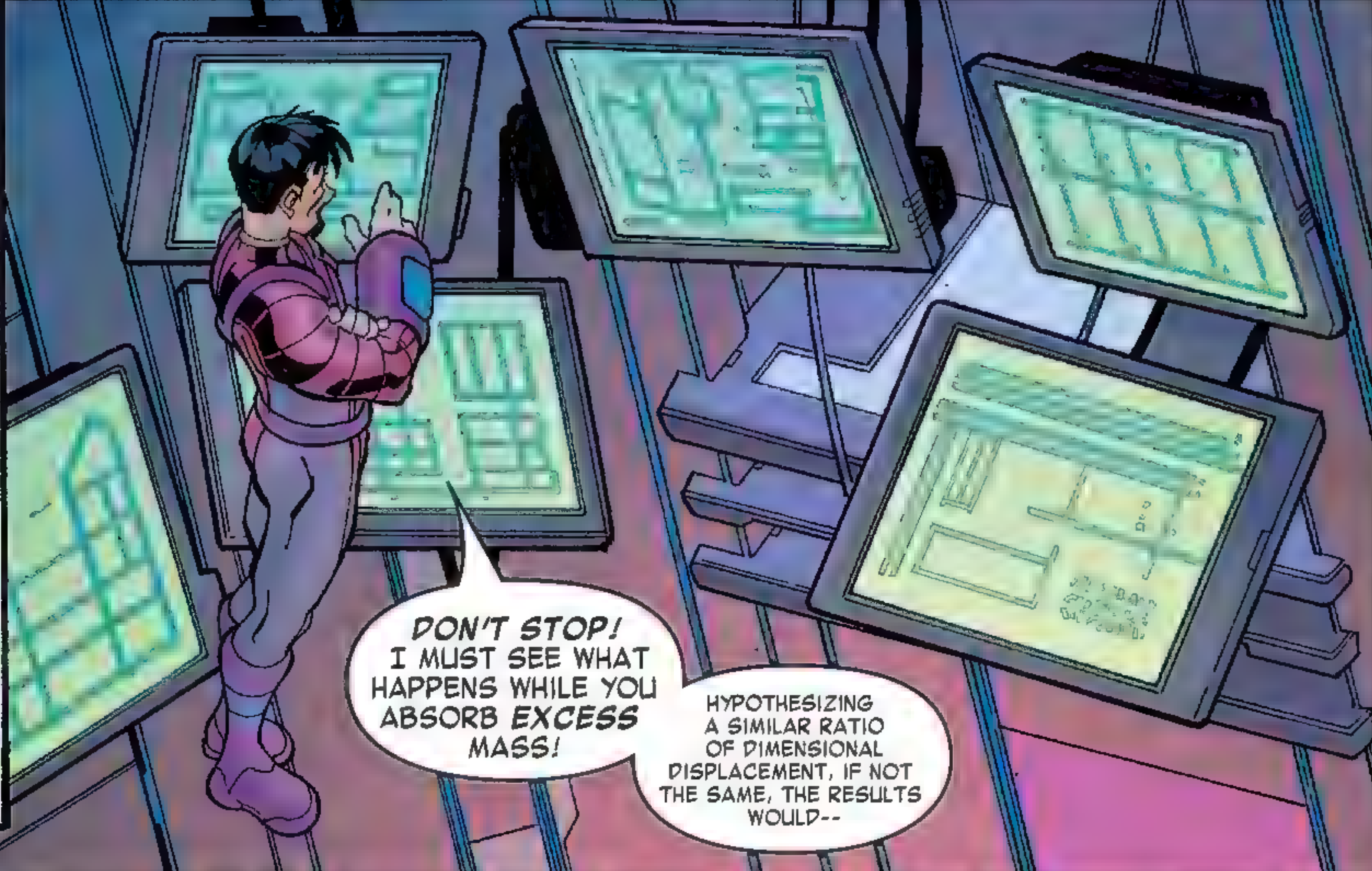
...NOW IN.

GOOD. VERY GOOD. A LITTLE MORE...



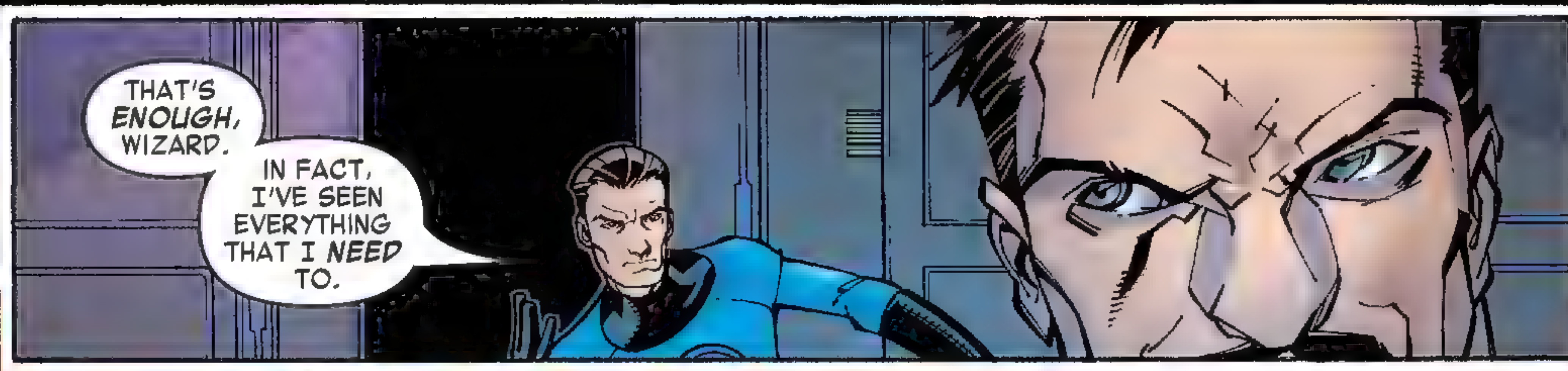
THAT WAS EASIER.

DON'T KNOW HOW TO *THANK YOU*. AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T--



DON'T STOP! I MUST SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHILE YOU ABSORB *EXCESS MASS*!

HYPOTHESIZING A SIMILAR RATIO OF DIMENSIONAL DISPLACEMENT, IF NOT THE SAME, THE RESULTS WOULD--



THAT'S ENOUGH, WIZARD.

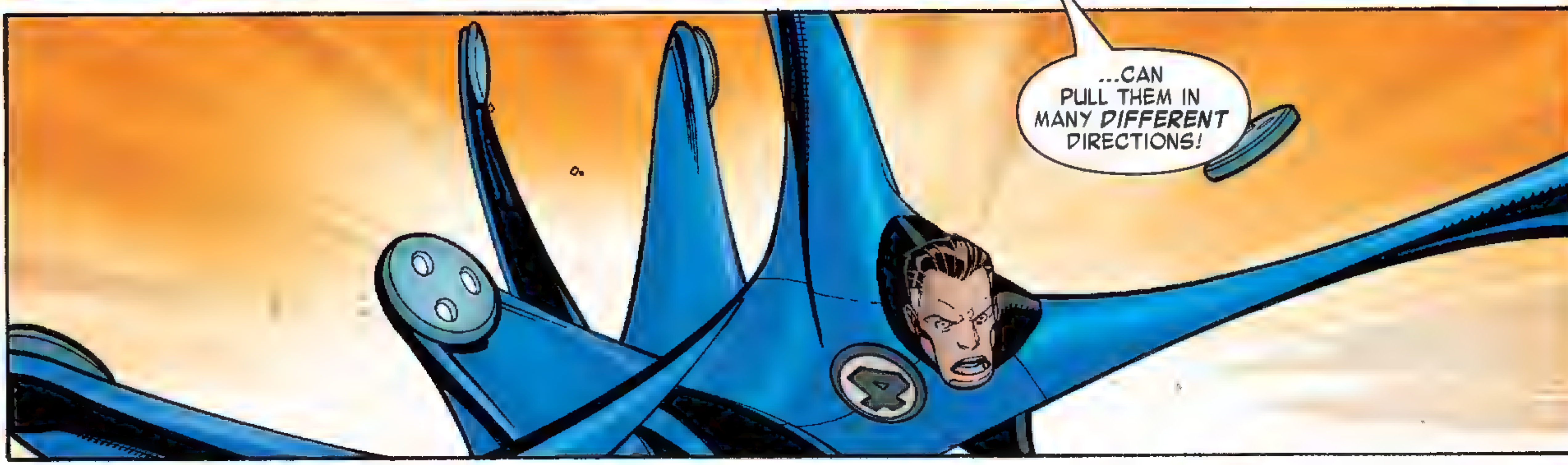
IN FACT, I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING THAT I NEED TO.

THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND ME, RICHARDS--I'M NOT HAPPY UNLESS I HAVE IT ALL!

OF COURSE, IF A PERSON'S NOT CAREFUL, SOMETHING LIKE THAT...



...CAN PULL THEM IN MANY DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS!



PERFECT! I COULDN'T HAVE PLANNED IT ANY BETTER... AND I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU, COLE!

YOU BRING THEM IN-- I TAKE THEM OUT!



WHAT--? LET GO! PUT ME DOWN!

I DIDN'T HELP YOU! YOU USED ME! I DIDN'T KNOW!

IRRELEVANT. THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS WHAT THEY THINK.

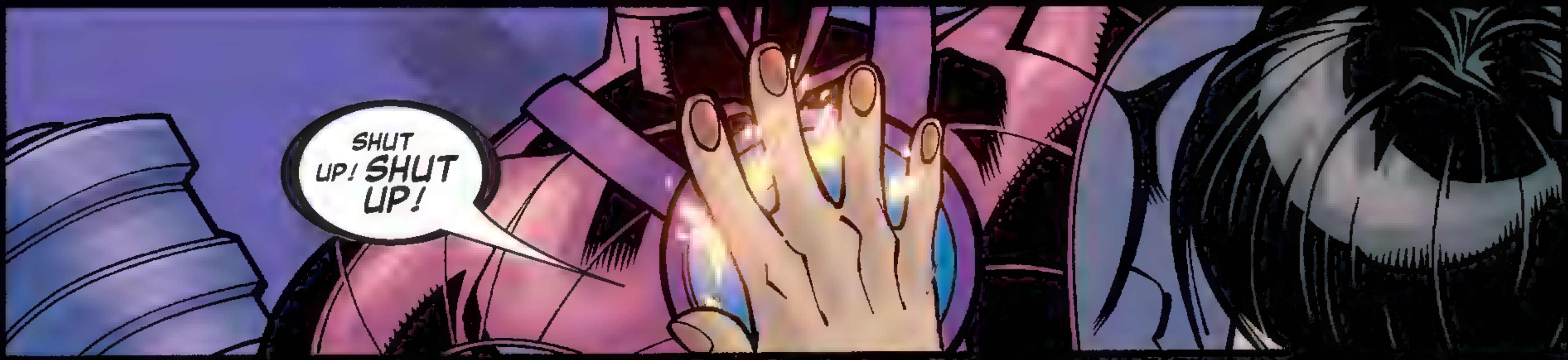
AND THEY THINK YOU'RE ONE OF US.



NO--!

NO? THEN WHY HAS RICHARDS NEVER BEEN ABLE TO CURE THE MONSTROUS CONDITION OF HIS BEST FRIEND, GRIMM-- YET HE SAYS HE CAN CURE YOU?

DON'T TRUST HIM. DON'T TRUST ANY OF THEM. THEY CERTAINLY DON'T TRUST YOU--



SHUT
UP! SHUT
UP!



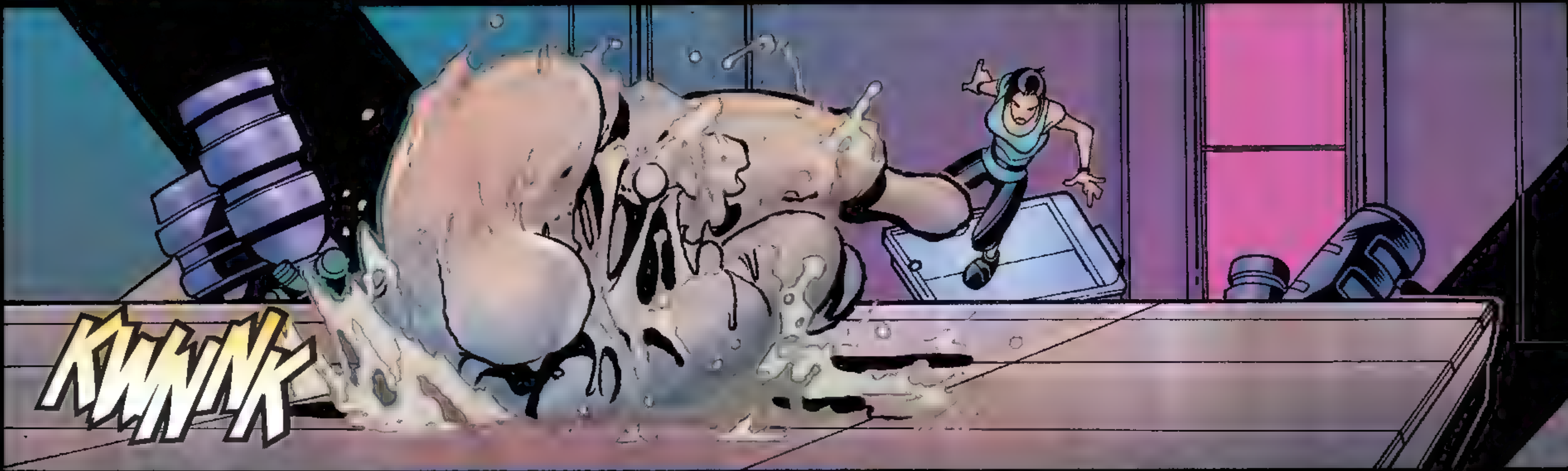
EH--?



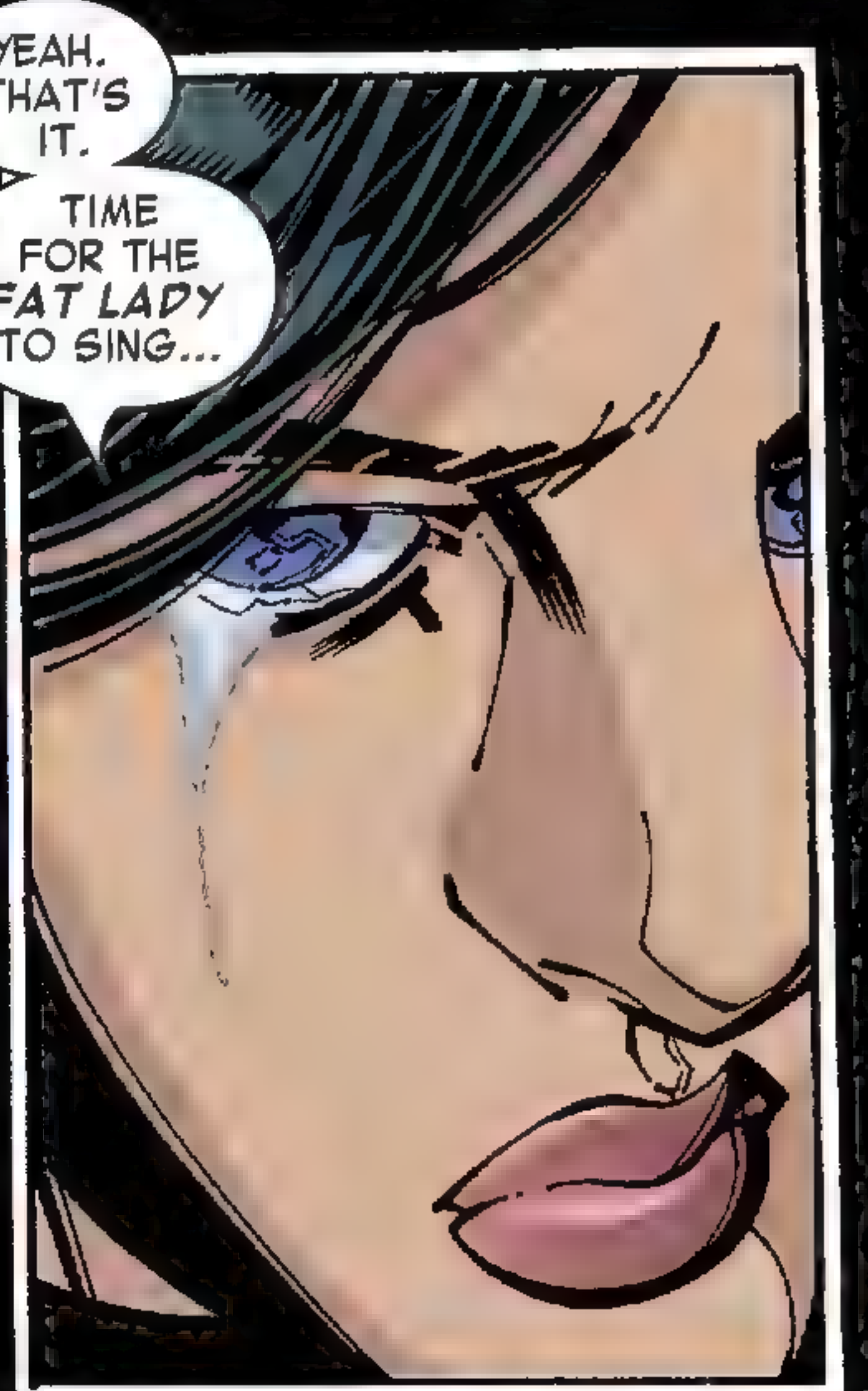
~MHG~

HEY--THAT'S ONE OF THE *TRAPSTER'S*
SNARES. THAT STUFF'LL BE HARD AS
ROCK IN NO TIME. STRONG ENOUGH TO
STOP A TANK. COMPLETELY AIR-
TIGHT.

HEAR
THAT, DAD? VERY
KARMIC, AFTER WHAT
YOU DID TO HIM. YOU DON'T
GET OUT IN THE NEXT
FEW *SECONDS*, IT'S
ALL OVER.

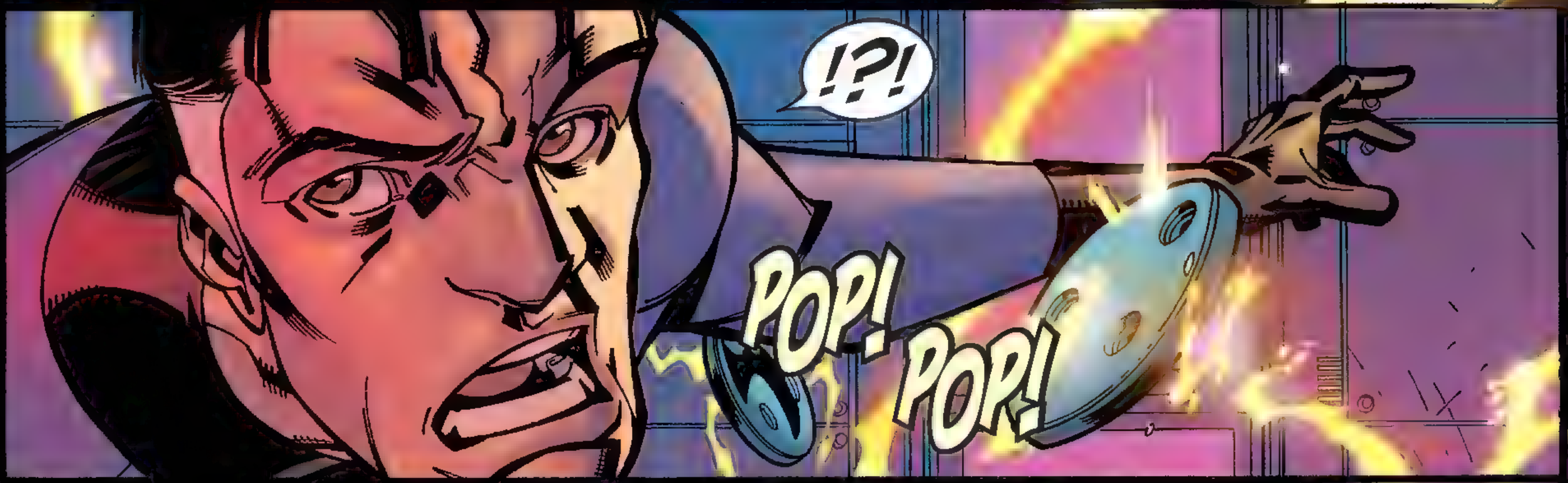


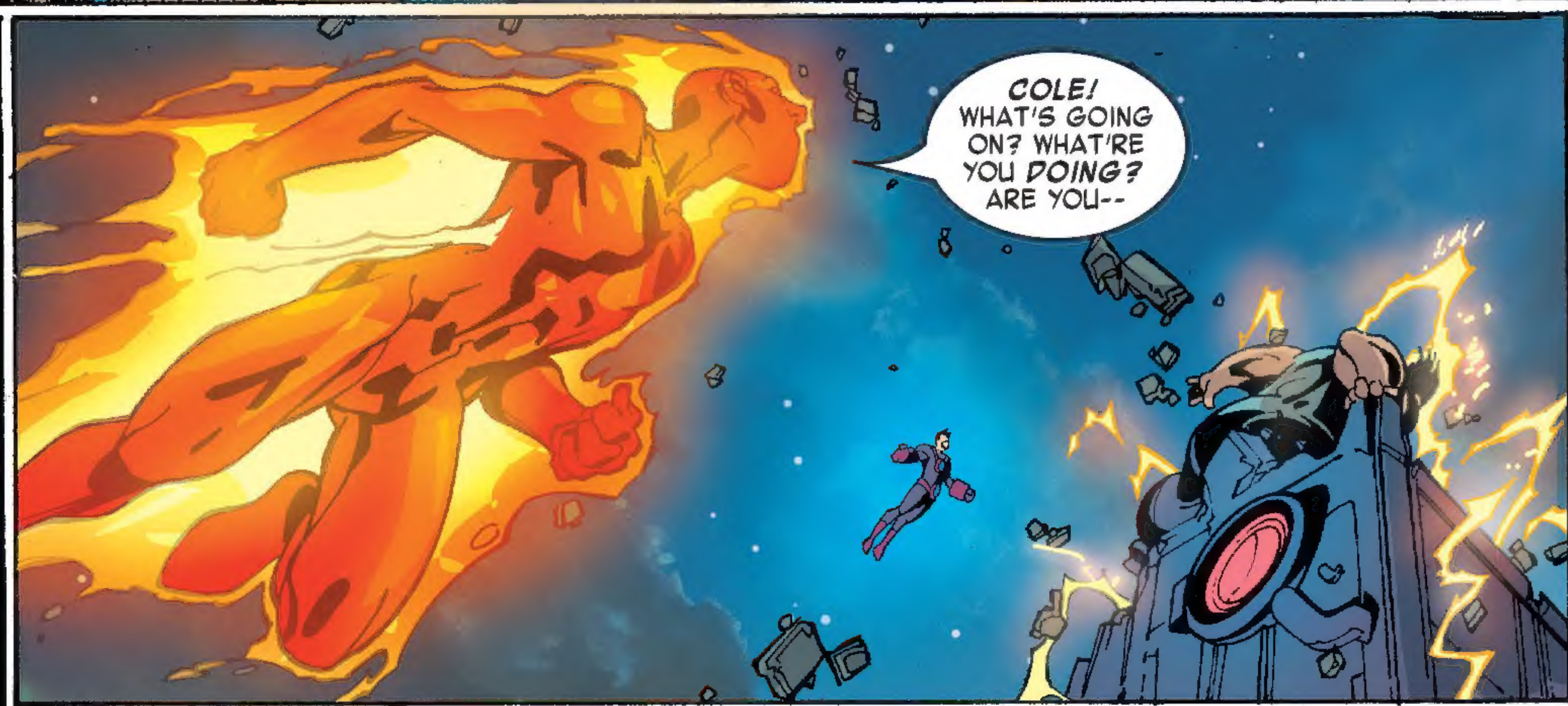
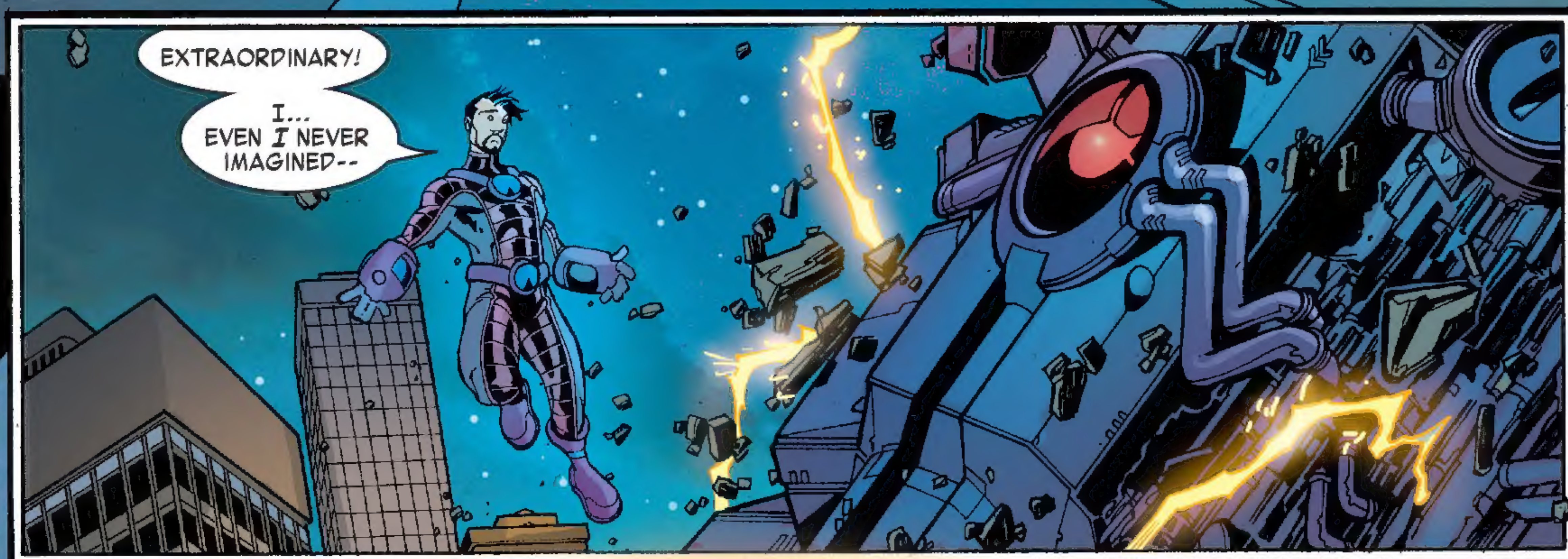
KNNK



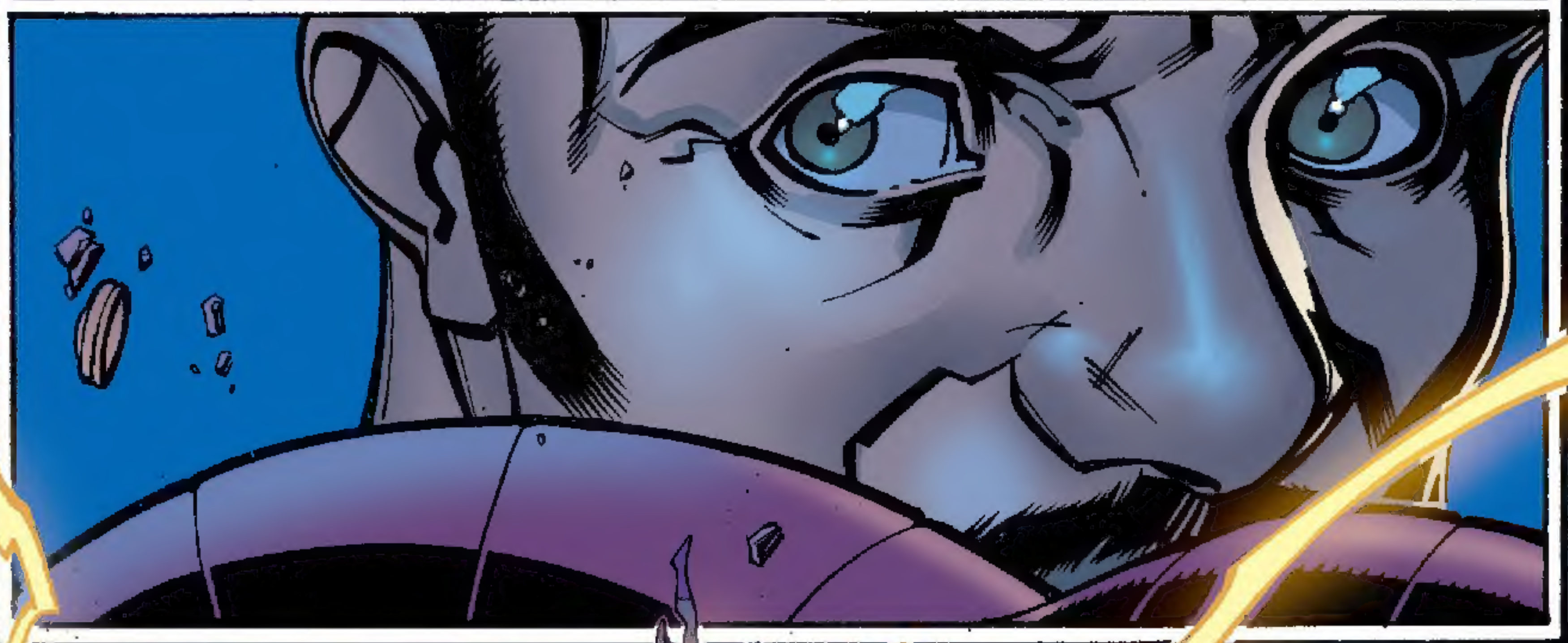
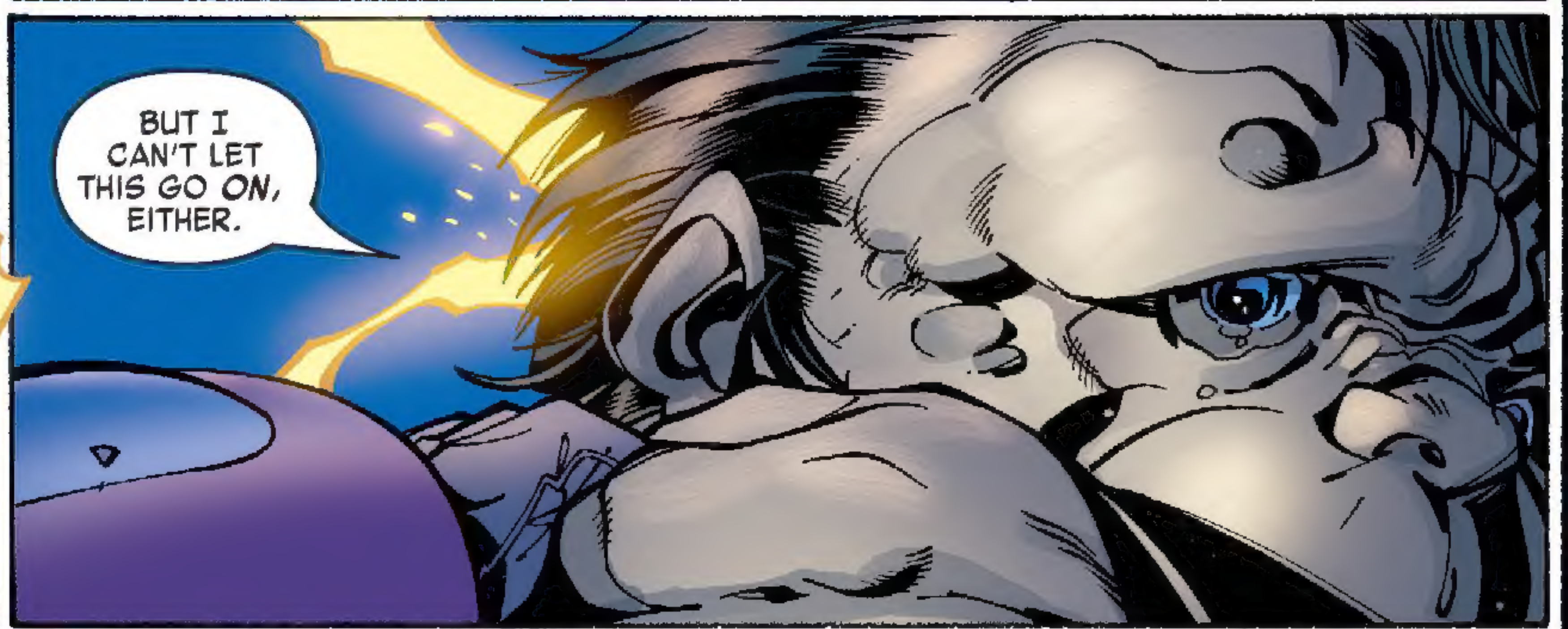
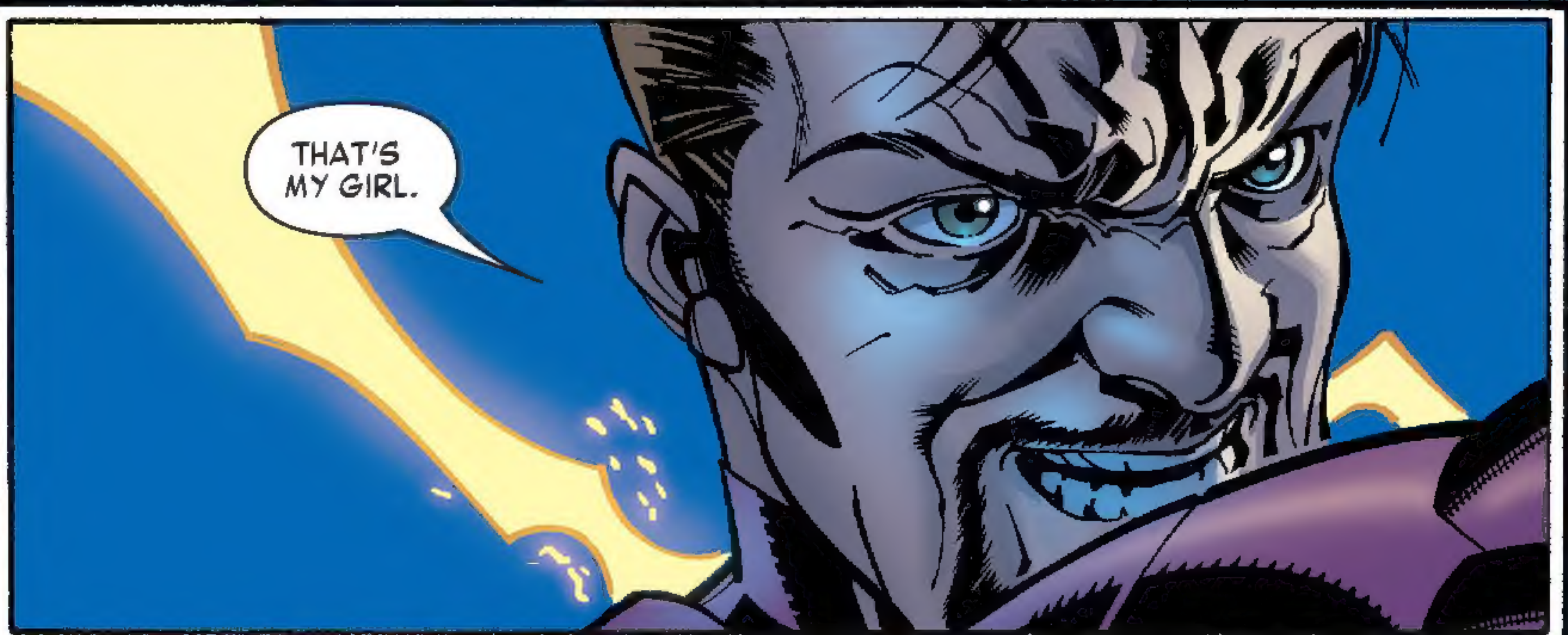
YEAH.
THAT'S
IT.

TIME
FOR THE
FAT LADY
TO SING...









4 SHORT TIME LATER.

THERE'S NO
SIGN OF HER!
NO SIGN OF
ANYONE!

WELL,
I'M SURE A
WATER-CRASH
WOULDN'T HURT
HYDRO-MAN...

AND SALLY
BAMFED OUT
AT THE LAST
SECOND...

AS FOR
THE **WIZARD**--IT'LL
TAKE MORE THAN **THIS** TO
STOP HIM. AND I'M CERTAIN HE
WOULDN'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN
TO HIS **DAUGHTER**. SHE'S HIS
MOST PRECIOUS **BELONGING**.

I'M SORRY, JOHNNY--
WE DID WHAT WE
COULD.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
WE DIDN'T **CURE**
COLE!

BUT I **COULD** HAVE. WHAT LITTLE I SAW
OF THE WIZARD'S DATA WAS ALL I NEEDED.
THE GENETIC PROCEDURES HE USED ON COLE
NINETEEN YEARS AGO WERE VERY **SIMPLE**
BY TODAY'S STANDARDS.

NEUTRALIZING
THEIR EFFECT
WOULD HAVE BEEN
AN AFTERNOON'S
WORK.

SO WE **FIND**
HER! WE USE
YOUR GRAVITRON
DETECTO-GRAPH
THING!

I'VE ALREADY
TAKEN SOME PRELIMINARY
READINGS, JOHNNY--THE
WIZARD'S SATURATED THE
AREA WITH **FREE-FLOATING**
PARTICLES. THEY'RE **NON-**
BONDING, AND WILL EVENTUALLY
BE WIND-DISTRIBUTED
WORLDWIDE.

LOCATING
COLE IN ALL
THAT...

I GET THE
PICTURE.

COLE'S NOT A BAD PERSON.
SHE DOESN'T **DESERVE**
THIS....DOESN'T DESERVE
THEM!

WELL,
YA CAN'T PICK YER
FAMILY, KIDDO--BUT LIKE
THE SAYIN' GOES, THEY
GOTTA TAKE YOU IN WHEN
NO ONE **ELSE** WILL.

AND FROM THE SOUND
OF IT, **COLE** GOT
TAKEN--HOOK, LINE AND
SINKER.